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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXII.—No. 40.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

Price Ten Cents.



THE REVENGE OF CREEPING WOLF—GEORGE HUNTER, A WHITE SCOUT, MURDERED NEAR FETTERMAN, WYOMING, BY A JEALOUS INDIAN, WHOSE SWEETHEART HE HAD WON.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Newspaper Weekly. Established 1855.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00
One copy, six months.....2.00
One copy, three months.....1.00
Clubs of three, or more, \$3 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.
Single copies.....Ten Cents.
Postage paid to all subscribers in the United States, and the Canada.
Subscribers should in all cases remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter to insure safety, addressed to the proprietor, P. O. Box 41, New York.

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AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY,
and NATIONAL NEWS COMPANY.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the West and Southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

W. E. H. Jacksonville, Ala.—Thanks; the article will be attended to in our next.

REPORTER, Montgomery, Ala.—Article received too late for this week; will give it attention.

CORRESPONDENT, Jacksonville, Fla.—Communication received; will be attended to in our next.

L. E. H., Pensacola, Fla.—Note received too late. Can you not send us an account more in detail.

A. B. A., Lincoln, Mo.—Article at hand, too late for this issue. Will appear in our next, probably with illustration.

M. W., Ellsworth, Kan.—Have deemed the matter of too little interest for publication, but return thanks for the attention.

NEWS DEALER, Camden, Ala.—The sketch was in accordance with the account of our correspondent, which is all we know about it.

J. H., Denver, Col.—Send us a full account of the matter and the description and portrait of the party and we will publish them if suitable to our columns and of sufficient general interest.

R. A. F., Yonco City, Miss.—Know nothing further about the matter or the merits of the case than what we have printed, which has all been received from sources in which we have confidence.

D. R. W., Council Bluffs, Iowa.—We had an account of the affair in type when yours came to hand. It appears in the current issue with illustration; accept thanks all the same and let us hear from you again.

J. F. W., Oakland, Cal.—The article and illustration appear in this issue; thanks. The former could have been written more in detail, however, as the affair certainly admits of a very spicy story. Let us hear further in regard to any more recent developments.

C. W. C., Walnut, Kan.—Will be glad to receive fresh and readable items from you. Send us the facts and we will arrange them. Give outline drawings of striking occurrences, accurate in relative positions of persons and objects and our artists will reproduce them. Portraits of the parties in such events are always desirable.

F. L. R., Fort Fetterman, Wyo.—Thanks for account of the tragedy and sketch, which appear in this issue. You will see that our artist has preserved the likeness and surroundings accurately, as given by you, adding detail that, while taking nothing from the authenticity has made a spirited and handsome picture. Can you obtain portraits of any of the parties?

T. J., Boston, Mass.—Article appears with illustration. You are correct in regard to the names. As the matter was not of a criminal character and has never been brought up in court, the names of the parties are not public property and no one has a right to use them. We should not think of publishing the portraits except in case of the matter obtaining such publicity as would justify us in doing so.

COMPROMISING WITH ASSASSINS.

In our preceding issue we gave a full account and an illustration of the execution of Dennis, alias "Buckey" Donnelly, the last of the Molly Maguires, up to date, to expiate upon the scaffold the murderous deeds committed in the name of that infamous organization. From certain indications at present it seems not improbable that he will prove to be really the last of the Thugs to swing, except in the very unlikely event of a revival of the assassins' league, or the extremely likely one of their commission of fresh crimes on their individual account, since murder must have become a necessary recreation to them.

In Pennsylvania, where there is, of course, a more intimate acquaintance with the facts than elsewhere, a widespread fear exists among the law-abiding community that Jack Kehoe, Donnelly's prison mate and associate in crime, will succeed in eluding the just penalty of the law. To this end every energy of the criminal and his friends has been bent, and every advantage which his superiority in point of money, intelligence and political influence, could secure has been invoked, and from the manner in which his case is now being quibbled over in high places it is very evident that it has not been without effect.

And certainly if Jack Kehoe escapes the gallows what should there be to fear on the part of any of the few remaining criminals who

are now distributed in various quarters, skulking fugitives from justice? What reason, for the matter of that, was there for hanging Donnelly or any other of his predecessors of the Molly Maguires? For Kehoe, beyond all doubt, as has been amply proven by all the trials, was the head and front of the blood-thirsty gang, or at least the boldest and most heartless either in conceiving or in carrying out its atrocious schemes of murder. He was possessed of far more intelligence than almost any of his associates, and his political influence gave him an immunity which rendered him impudent and daring to the extreme of audacity in murdering those whom he and his fellow Thugs had picked out for slaughter.

It is no wonder, therefore, that those who are aware of these facts, which have, moreover, been so thoroughly exhibited in courts of justice should behold with amazement and indignation this hesitation in commending him to his well-earned deserts. Certainly, if he is a murderer at all, if he is guilty as adjudged on his trial of the crimes charged against him, he is one of the worst of murderers, one of the most infamous and dangerous criminals the annals of this country can show, and in all right and for the public safety he should be put out of the way as speedily as possible. If he is not guilty, he is one of the most injured of men, and no time should be lost in restoring him to the full and unconditional liberty of which he is now deprived.

But this is just what those who are now paltering with his case will not do. They know what an outburst of public indignation would greet such an action at this time. After a while, when the public mind becomes somewhat cooled in regard to the matter it may, perhaps, be safely done, but not now.

So the Board of Pardons, or the Governor, or whoever it is that is holding back Justice—back from executing a righteous judgment, refrains from doing anything committal, but evades and postpones, while time rolls around with its soothing influence until such a period when it may be deemed politic to let Mr. Kehoe step forth to the enjoyment of that freedom which he has forfeited if ever a man did.

Such at all events seems to be undoubtedly the programme, for Kehoe's case has got into the hands of politicians and, in some way or other not apparent to the uninitiated, has taken on political bearings. In other words the securing of Jack Kehoe's life, if not his liberty, has come to represent the gain of a certain considerable amount of political influence to certain politicians and that bait being held out, Justice is likely to have but a very poor show.

MURDER BY POISONING.

A curious fact may have been observed recently in the number of persons who have been acquitted of the charge of murder by poisoning. Among the more recent of these are the cases of Mrs. Cyrus E. Hardy, of Marlborough, N. H., charged with poisoning her husband; Miss Emma Bethel, charged with poisoning Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, in Camden, N. J.; Rev. George B. Vosburgh, charged with poisoning his wife, in Bergen Heights, N. J., and the latest and one of the most sensational that of Deacon Ezra A. Smith, accused of poisoning his wife, at Vergennes, Vt., last fall, and acquitted at Middlebury, Vt., on the 18th inst., after a long and memorable trial. These were all specially notable cases, and the curious part of the matter is that in every instance the evidence at first appeared to be of such an overwhelming character that there seemed the slightest prospect of an escape from conviction by the accused. Yet in every one mentioned, in spite of the seemingly invincible array of facts presented, the charges made out against the accused, were unable to stand the test of a thorough legal sifting, and resulted in acquittal whatever might be the weight of individual opinion as to the relative merits of the case.

Why there should be so much more difficulty in securing a conviction in such cases than in cases of murder by other means is not apparent, since, with the present resources of science, evidence of the presence of almost any poisonous matter in the human body, even long after it has been consigned to the tomb, can be detected and proven beyond cavil. Possibly, in the instances mentioned, there may have been influences of a local, social or other nature, not perceptible to the observer at a distance, which have had their weight, and would have had it under any circumstances, in bringing about such a generally unexpected result. We only mention it as a curious coincidence that such a number of specially noteworthy cases in point should have occurred so near together.

POLICE BRUTALITY.

The brutal-minded members of the New York Police Force—we suppose it will be admitted that there are individuals answering that description even in the ranks of the finest force—must have some assurance of protection on the part of their superiors, or at least of their total indifference to the often repeated complaints of citizens as to their brutality. It is certainly difficult to

account for the frequent aggravated offenses in this respect on any other grounds. How else, for instance, can we understand the brutal and unprovoked clabbing by an officer of Daniel O'Connell, a boy of fourteen, elsewhere reported in the GAZETTE this week? In this case the lad, from reliable accounts, was simply a spectator in a disturbance, certainly not a participant, and for making one of the crowd, was so badly clabbed as to be made a cripple for life, a punishment assuredly considerably in excess of any possible sin of commission on the unfortunate lad's part. Decidedly it is high time the people knew if such immunity or indifference does exist, and why.

Going Back to First Principles.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

Boston, Mass., June 18.—Quite a sensation was created in the South End a few days since, growing out of an attempted suicide by a commercial traveller for a large notion house in this city, although strenuous attempts have been made to prevent its gaining publicity. Some eighteen months since the gentleman in question, whose name it would be unkind, under the circumstances, to divulge, was married in this city to a young girl who, though exceedingly pretty and accomplished, was known to have a decided tinge of African blood in her veins which was not, however, perceptible. This the husband was aware of but, as he had been raised in the old Bostonian abolition and man-and-brother notions, was scarcely considered as an obstacle by him.

On the 20th of April last, he started off on a business trip for his home from which he returned on the 14th with pleasant anticipations of the honors of paternity with which he expected to be invested. Rushing hastily into his wife's room, he eagerly turned, after a warm embrace of his still invalid partner, to the cradle where lay his expected heir. What was his horror to find therein an infant whose skin gave unmistakable evidence of its claim to be ranked with the descendants of Ham. Impulsively he drew his revolver from his hip pocket, placed it to his head and fired. He fell bleeding to the floor, and a scene of confusion ensued. He was at first supposed to be mortally wounded, but is now slowly recovering and beyond danger, and is gradually becoming reconciled to the conservative theories urged on him by his friends and the faculty that the dark-skinned stranger, so far from being an evidence of infidelity on the part of the wife of his bosom, is to be regarded simply as a proof of Nature's tendency to get back to first principles.

An Indian Tragedy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

FORT FETTERMAN, Wyo., June 10.—George Hunter, formerly a scout under Custer, was murdered at an Indian Camp, about twenty miles from here, last Tuesday night, by an Indian, named O-Nee-Ta-Goo (Creeping Wolf).

Hunter, it appears, had been living for some time with the Indians, who were a band of Crows several of whom had served in the army as soldiers or scouts. Among them was the daughter of Tall Horse, a man of prominence in the tribe, from whom Creeping Wolf had already received the promise of his daughter for a wife, and had, further, made the bargain binding in Indian fashion by the conveyance to Tall Horse of a specified amount of goods in the shape of ponies, robes and fire-water. Outside of the latter, Tall Horse had got, to the extent of his capacity. To his subsequent obliviousness to earthly affairs and the lack of a proper care of the property he had disposed of to Creeping Wolf may be ascribed the otherwise avoidable tragedy.

Hunter had for some time been paying attention to the comely Indian maiden, which had aroused Creeping Wolf's jealousy and animated his watchfulness of the motions of the pair. On the night in question Hunter met the girl near her father's lodge, and taking advantage of Tall Horse's condition, urged her to elope with him, to which scheme she was not indisposed. Unknown to the lovers, Creeping Wolf, in ambush near them, listened to the details of the plan and resolved to cut it short, which he did, in characteristic Indian style, by stealthily approaching Hunter and stabbing him in the back. He then undertook to complete the job by cutting the girl—fatally, as he supposed—after which he mounted his pony, and, with an exultant whoop, "lit out" for parts unknown.

A Double-Edged Ministerial Scandal.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

Oakland, Cal., June 10.—A lively ministerial scandal has recently agitated the good people of this town and of Alameda county generally, throughout which the parties are well known. A few days since the popular minister of one of our leading churches chanced to be taking a walk through a rustic bit of woods in the vicinity of the town. Hearing voices, one masculine and one feminine, the latter of which struck him as resembling that of his wife, his curiosity led him to proceed in the direction whence they

came. Drawing near a secluded spot he became satisfied that he was correct and his curiosity further stimulated by that fact, as he was sure he had left his wife asleep at home, and especially as the conversation of the hidden couple was unmistakably of a very amorous character, he stole nearer and peering cautiously through the bushes saw his wife and a handsome young artist, who had been temporarily boarding in his family while pursuing professional studies of the romantic scenery of the vicinity, in a position that allowed no doubt that he was entitled to the adornment of horns upon his ministerial front. Of course a very pretty row was the result and a cross suit for divorce is in prospect, as while the reverend gentleman has only his own testimony in his behalf, the lady has that of her alleged paramour to corroborate her own as to her spouse's adultery with their pretty servant girl, an accidental discovery of the young gentleman in that respect having been made use of by him, after strengthening his case by making the wife a co-witness of the intrigue, to further his lecherous plot of seducing the pretty and buxom wife of his host.

Brute Bowsher Hanged.

(With Portrait.)

CHILLICOTHE, O., June 21.—Perry Bowsher, the brutal murderer of the McVey family at the toll-house on the Chillicothe turnpike, a few miles from here swung from a gallows into eternity to-day. Although the prisoner was abandoned by his relatives, several attorneys, who were convinced he was insane, were unremitting in their efforts to secure a respite in order to hold a commission in lunacy. Governor Bishop positively declined to interfere and ordered the execution to proceed. On Thursday morning as Bowsher was being removed from the city prison to the new county jail he resisted desperately, striking and kicking the guards and painfully injuring Officer Kemer. He was partially carried a short distance between two persons. After reaching his new quarters he became quiet, and has frequently confessed himself the murderer of the McVeyes, but persisted that he would not be hanged.

At five minutes past eleven Bowsher was brought on the scaffold. His face was pale, but not from fear, his long confinement in jail being the cause of it. He smiled as he stepped on the scaffold, eyeing curiously the preparations for death. He made no resistance as his feet and arms were pinioned. He refused to allow the clergyman present to pray, and when asked if he had anything to say he said he was still living. The rope was adjusted by Sheriff Beebe, of Dayton; Sheriff Mackey pulled the black cap over Bowsher's face, and the cold sarcastic glitter of his eyes and the set smile of his livid face were hidden from view. At six minutes past eleven Sheriff Mackey stepped back and touched the spring with his foot. The doomed man fell through the drop like a flash, and the black cap fell from his face, revealing horribly contorted features, his eyes widely glaring and his mouth wide open. The cap was quickly replaced and a few convulsive movements of the body followed. After hanging nineteen minutes it was cut down. It was found that the neck was broken and that death was instantaneous.

John Burns Hanged.

(With Portrait.)

St. Louis, Mo., June 21.—John Burns was hanged at Paris, Ill., to-day, for the murder of Elijah Bridwell last November. The Rev. Mr. Wilkins, a Methodist preacher, and Miss Gilbert, a lady of Paris, were with the doomed man all morning. Burns was led from his cell by Sheriff Holley, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins and Miss Gilbert. He was smoking a cigar, and as he walked coolly up the steps to the gallows he showed not the slightest sign of nervousness. When the mournful party arrived at the summit of the structure Burns turned and grasped the hand of Miss Gilbert, who has done so much to prepare him to meet his fate like a man. He held her hand for a moment, raised it to his lips, kissed it reverently and turned away. Miss Gilbert immediately left the enclosure.

The crime for which John Burns suffered the extreme penalty of the law was the murder of Elijah Bridwell. Burns was member of a band of notorious horse thieves and Bridwell was one of a posse who was out in search of Burns. The posse came upon Burns at an unfrequented cabin, and during the conflict that ensued Burns shot Bridwell through the abdomen, producing a fatal wound.

Terrell, the Boy Murderer.

(With Portrait.)

William V. Terrell, who is charged with the murder of John Weldon, and his household, and whose portrait is given in this issue, is barely twenty years old. The murdered persons were John Weldon, a farmer unmarried, his widowed sister, Mrs. Susan McClurg, with whom he lived, and the daughter of the latter, Miss Nancy Hite. The family resided near Logan, Ohio, and the crime was perpetrated on June 23, 1877. Terrell admitted participation in the crime, though throwing the actual murder on one King. The probability is that Terrell will suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

PRETTY MISS PRANGE,

A Fair Young Brooklyn Heroine,
Creates a Big Sensation in
Beecherville, only

NOT IN ITS USUAL LINE.

She Captures a Real Man, whom Want
had Made Desperate, After a
Break-Neck Chase,

AND THEN TURNS PHILANTHROPIST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Lulu Prange, a vivacious girl about twenty years old, left her home at 1353 Fulton street, Brooklyn, on the morning of the 14th, to go to the residence of Mr. Tuttle, her father's landlord, who lives in Clinton avenue, between De Kalb and Lafayette avenues. She was dressed in a short black walking suit, a white hat and waving feather, and she carried her pocketbook, in which was some \$7, in her hand. Just as she was nearing De Kalb avenue a man slipped up behind her, half stooping, and forcing her fingers from around it, snatched her pocketbook, and started on a full run down toward De Kalb avenue. Miss Prange's pursuit and capture of the man is detailed as follows by a Sun reporter:

After a moment of surprise and hesitation, Miss Prange collected her faculties, gathered her skirts out of the way of her flying feet, and started in full pursuit. The man outran her, but as he turned the corner she uttered a piercing scream, and called out to him, "You had better

"BRING THAT POCKETBOOK BACK."

He hesitated as if about to comply, and then ran ahead up De Kalb avenue. Miss Prange followed swiftly after him, not screaming again, but keeping her eyes fixed upon the thief. He looked back three or four times in a scared way, but pushed rapidly ahead. He ran up De Kalb avenue to Washington, through Washington avenue to Lafayette, along Lafayette to Waverley avenue, keeping about three-quarters of a block ahead of Miss Prange nearly all the way. She gained a quarter of a block upon him as he neared Waverley avenue, but he then darted ahead.

A butcher's wagon dashing along Waverley avenue crossed Lafayette just as Miss Prange reached the corner and stopped a moment, panting for breath, to watch the fugitive. "What is the matter?" called out the driver. Miss Prange, without answering, tossed her parcel into the wagon, climbed swiftly over the wheel, and dropping into the seat beside the astonished owner, said:

"CATCH THAT MAN."

The driver did not wait for an explanation, but whipped up his horse. But the beast went too slow for Miss Prange, and, grasping her ivory-handled silk umbrella, she leaned forward and began to punch him vigorously. She caught hold of the wagon, and plied her umbrella until the horse sprang into a gallop.

The driver begged her not to beat the animal, as he might run away. "I'm not afraid of that," she said, continuing her whipping.

The chase was lively through Waverley avenue into De Kalb, and up De Kalb avenue a number of men and boys joined in it. The horse moved bravely along, and rapidly lessened the distance between pursuers and pursued. The frightened fugitive cast pitiful looks behind him, and seemed ready every moment to give up, but he ran along until the wagon came up to him in De Kalb avenue. There several young men ran to his side, and

ONE OF THEM TOUCHED HIM.

He stopped, tore off his hat, and stood panting, the perspiration standing on his forehead in beads. Miss Prange jumped from the wagon, and, walking straight toward him, said:

"What in the name of heaven made you take that pocketbook?"

He handed her back the pocketbook, and then gave her the money which he had taken out of it; and as he did so he said: "Miss, I was desperate. The minute I took it I wished I hadn't; but I was driven to it, for my wife and two children are starvin', and I had to get somethin' to feed them."

He turned an appealing face to the young lady, who she seemed at once to be touched by it. A crowd of men and boys had by this time collected about them. The man, shamefaced, frightened, shrinking from the throng that pressed around him, in very desperation at last looked to Miss Prange for help. She said: "I won't give you over to the police until I see if your story is true. Take me to your house and let me see for myself."

They started off side by side,

FOLLOWED BY THE CROWD.

Miss Prange turned on the men and boys behind her, and said, "If you don't leave us alone, I will have you arrested." Then they scattered, and the frail girl and her sturdy prisoner hastened ahead. Alderman Harry Dawson, however, offered to attend Miss Prange, and she ac-

cepted his escort, but seemed far more interested in her other companion than in him. "I'm almost crazy about it all," said her prisoner. The hard times had taken his once steady employment from him; he had only been able to get work for an hour or two, now and then, and his wages had been twenty cents an hour. He never drank, he was eager to work, and he hoped every day to get something to do, so that he could feed and clothe his family. "I never did such a thing afore Miss," said he, "and I hope I won't ever do it again. I wish now that I had killed myself, and then I wouldn't have done it." His name, he added, was Theodore Hollis. He was thirty-eight years old; but Miss Prange saw that his hair was

AS GRAY AS THOUGH HE WERE FIFTY.

When the three reached Hollis's home in De Kalb avenue, near Waverley, his wife and two pretty children were found in apartments on the upper floor of the house. All was neat in the rooms, but the place was stripped of everything that could be pawned. Mr. Dawson would have entered with Miss Prange, but she requested to be alone with the family. She looked herself in with them, and made a systematic search of the place. All the food that she found was the half of a soda cracker.

"Now, Miss," at last said Hollis, "what are you going to do with me?"

"This is what," said Miss Prange, taking out her pocketbook and counting out half of the money that was in it. "Take that now, and I will bring you more yet." Mrs. Hollis sprang up, and, throwing her arms about the girl's neck, kissed her. Hollis fell on his knees, grasped her hand, and covered it with kisses. Miss Prange broke down, but between her sobs she managed to say something more in sympathy, when the heavy tread of men was heard in the hall. A rough knock sounded through the dismantled room. Miss Prange hastily wiped her eyes, and peeping out saw

FOUR POLICEMEN STANDING AT THE DOOR.

"You can't come in here," she said, closing the door. The officers laughed, and then pushed into the room, and said that they had come for Hollis. He gave himself up, and although the young woman begged for him, the officers took him away. Miss Prange waited with the weeping wife for a few moments, and then followed to the Myrtle avenue police station, where she again asked for Hollis's release. She would on no account, she said, complain against him. Then, as the sergeant decided to lock him up, she went to Hollis, as the doorman was leading him to his cell, and said that she would yet do her best to get him out. Back she started again to console Mrs. Hollis, and paid her still another visit in the evening. She telegraphed to Mr. Hollis's father in Connecticut, bought some more food for the hungry mother and children, and then kissed them all around good night.

All this kept her busy until after eight in the evening, when she came cheerily into her father's shoe store at 1393 Fulton street. Miss Prange is quite small, with sparkling blue eyes, and curling blonde hair, and with all

EXCEEDINGLY NEAT AND STYLISH.

"When I first saw the man," she said, "he was standing against a tree. He had his head between his hands, and seemed sick and weary. When he took my pocketbook he did it so gently that I didn't look around at first, because I thought it was some friend of mine who was playing with me; but when I saw him run ahead then I thought that he was a thief and spoke to him." Then, with great animation and frequent blushes, Miss Prange went on to tell her story, as given above, and added: "I saw that the driver was a nice man. He was tall, and he had side whiskers. When we came up to Hollis, I saw at once that he wasn't a 'noted desperado.' There was something about his face that struck me, and just as soon as he began to tell me of his distress I knew that he was speaking the truth. His wife told me that all the night before she had walked the floor, and that he had turned gray lately because of his trouble. I was sorry to see the poor man so badly off. He said that he thought I was only a child, but I said, 'I'm little, but I'm like Paddy's pig; I'm old.'"

Hollis was locked up in Raymond street jail for examination, and Miss Lulu was subpoenaed to appear in Justice Riley's court. "I'm going there," she said, "to plead his case; and I'll get him off."

"IF I HAVE TO GO DOWN ON MY KNEES TO DO IT." The young lady has had some exciting adventures before. Mrs. Prange related that, a year ago, a man who was in a car with the girl was guilty of certain insulting expressions. She quickly resented them, and he begged her pardon. Then he repeated the offence, and she left the car. He followed her into another car and there renewed his insults. When she got out he again followed her, and then dogged her into Clinton avenue, where he spoke to her. For some reason Miss Prange was equipped with a small pistol. She pulled it out and said: "Now, I'll give you one second to turn and another to go, and if you don't, I'll shoot." The fellow turned and walked away, never once turning to look behind him.

"She can hit the mark every time," said her

admiring mother. "Here is her pistol." Mrs. Prange showed the reporter a small seven-shooter.

"SHE FIRED AT SOME THIEVES ONE NIGHT." She heard them at work up-stairs, and she called out: "If you want a dose of cold lead, come right down." They didn't come, and she fired, but somehow they managed to get away. On Christmas eve, a year ago, she stooped to take up her dress in Fulton street, on the New York side, and a newsboy picked her cloak pocket of a pocketbook containing \$15. She caught the little fellow's head and boxed it, but he dodged away with the money, leaving a dirty hat in her hands. On Thursday of last week her pocket was picked on Broadway, but this time she didn't catch the thief.

Hollis' neighbors, at 335 De Kalb avenue, speak of him in the best terms. The tailor who lived in the same house would not believe that his fellow lodger had stolen Miss Prange's pocketbook until Mrs. Hollis admitted it. The tailor said that he had left money and goods repeatedly with Hollis, and that everything was returned just as Hollis received it. Miss Prange thinks that Hollis was contemplating suicide when she first saw him. Hollis was formerly a stavedore.

Chief Adams, Bowling Green, Ky.

[With Portrait.]

Captain Samuel T. Adams, City Marshal and Chief of Police of the city of Bowling Green, Ky., whose portrait is published in this issue, is one of the rising men of his locality. He is holding now the office which he has held for five consecutive years, and in which he has given almost universal satisfaction.

Although he is one of the most genial of men off duty, yet he is firm, energetic and decisive in the execution of all the requirements of his position. As an evidence of the efficiency with which he discharges his duties as Chief of Police, it is only necessary to state that with his three assistants, Messrs. Bailey, Wise and Carbin, he thoroughly polices the city of Bowling Green with its population of six or seven thousand—one third of whom are colored—and this is saying a great deal when we take into consideration the idle and vagrant habits of a large portion of the latter class.

As a detective he has but few, if any superiors in the state. Vigilant and alert he is always on the lookout. Woe betide the evil doer who is so unfortunate as to come within his bailiwick, and rarely does one escape his toils when once he is on his trail.

Mr. Adams is yet a young man, being less than thirty-two years of age.

The Thugs Off at Last.

CHICAGO, June 21.—Jeremiah Connolly and George Sherry were hanged in the county jail at twenty minutes past ten o'clock this morning, for the murder of Hugh McConville, while protecting his niece from insult and outrage at their hands in the streets of this city, on the evening of January 19th, last. The crime for which they suffered was one of the most cruel and cold blooded in the criminal annals of Chicago.

At the scaffold they were cool and composed, only shuddering visibly when the death warrants were read and when the ropes were tightened about their necks. They spent the last few minutes of life in silent prayer and in hearing the words of Father Donley, who was present on the scaffold. They made no speeches and there were no accidents. The trap was sprung at exactly twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and the bodies hung limp and lifeless, with scarcely a perceptible quiver. In seven minutes life was pronounced extinct and fifteen minutes later the bodies were cut down and delivered to their friends.

Hanging of the Mulatto Costley.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 21.—Edward H. Costley, alias Dorsey, the murderer of his cousin, Solomon Costley, was privately executed in the jail yard at Frederick at 11 o'clock to-day. Though much prostrated, physically and mentally, he walked firmly to the scaffold and endured the terrible ordeal with greater fortitude than had been expected and with no show whatever of bravado. At his urgent request the black cap, concealing his features entirely from view, was placed over his head in his cell, and the noose also adjusted. Thus blindfolded he was led along the corridors of the jail building and assisted up the steps of the scaffold. His neck was broken and he died easily.

Four Murderers Saved.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 21.—The sentences of the four men to be hanged at Fort Smith to-day have been commuted by the President. The commutation of three was received several days ago, and two hours before the time fixed for executing the other a despatch was received from Attorney General Devens suspending the execution.

In the Superior Court of Plymouth, Mass., on the 19th, Owen Martin, of Brocton, was found guilty of manslaughter in causing the death of Jeremiah Kelliber.

BATTLE WITH THE BANNOCKS.

Details of the Disastrous Fight of
Whites with the Savages at Juniper
Creek.

The Silver City, Idaho, *Avalanche* of the 9th, gives the following account of the recent battle between whites and Bannock Indians, at Juniper Creek:

The melancholy intelligence of the slaughter of several of our citizens in a conflict with a band of Bannocks yesterday afternoon reached here by stage at midnight. News of the disaster excited surprise, as it was not generally supposed that a fight would occur until the reinforcements which went out from here on Saturday afternoon had reached the grounds. There was impatience, however, among the men already there, most of whom left here for the scene of action on Friday afternoon, and a premature fight was brought on. During Saturday forenoon, scouts from Captain Harper's command reported the Indians in considerable force about nine miles from South Mountain. We had about twenty-six men in all in the vicinity. They divided into three different squads and came within a mile of the Indians, both parties facing each other, our men occupying the bluff north of Battle Creek, and the Bannock's the south side, being within shooting distance of each other. Bantering for a fight began on both sides, the Indians finally

DECIDING TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE.

While this parleying was going on the Indians were not only trying to secure an advantage in position but were preparing to sweep down upon our men with a view to annihilating the whole crowd. The boys saw this, but did not fortunately get into the trap that the Indians had set for them. They had possession of the road, and their dusky foes were trying to get it from them. Our men made a stand and delivered a well-directed volley at the Indians, not, however, until the latter had commenced the onslaught.

The first important volley from the savages threw a portion of our men into confusion. They were thrown from their horses. The animals were not accustomed to being under fire, and reared and plunged wildly, and some of the riders received injuries by being thus thrown. It is believed that the better policy would have been to have fought them on foot.

The mistake made by our men was in precipitating the fight, this being the desire of many of them, some of whom have paid for their zeal by the sacrifice of their lives. They continued to make a stand repeatedly against the Indians, the latter gaining advantages all the time, and our boys being outnumbered more than two to one, they were

COMPELLED TO RETREAT.

After the fifth rally it became evident that the force was insufficient to cope with the Bannocks, whose horses were well trained, and the savages charged down upon our men, whooping and yelling with demoniacal delight. The fight finally culminated in a race—a race for the continued possession of the road on one side, and on the side of the savages a race along the brow of the hill nearly a half mile off for the possession of the road and the cutting off of the whites, in which the fiends did not succeed. The result of this ill-timed contest is the loss of four good men. O. H. Purdy, as brave a man as ever lived, an old pioneer of Owyhee and an Indian fighter, fell, we believe, early in the fray. He was thrown from his horse and riddled with bullets. Guy Newcomb, our trusted and faithful co-laborer in the journalistic field, is among the missing. He was wounded and thrown from his horse, and shortly after he and Johnny Posey, who was also wounded, were put on a horse together and endeavored to effect their escape. Poor Guy was thrown from the animal, and

CRAWLED INTO THE BUSHES.

When last seen he was being chased by an Indian who had a six-shooter in his hand. There is a faint hope that Mr. Newcomb may turn up alive, but it is not probable. Posey was also thrown from the horse, and as the animal came in without a rider both men, we fear, are killed. Orie Stender was killed, but we have not learned the particulars. W. W. Hastings and two friendly Putes escaped to the iron mine tunnel, stayed there until midnight and got off all right. The fight took place about seven miles from South Mountain.

Most of the party who left here Saturday afternoon to reinforce Harper reached Guzman's in the evening. The men who participated in the fight reached there some time after. Many of them were thoroughly exhausted. Sheriff Hays, Ben Davis and one or two other men returned to the city, arriving here about 6 o'clock this morning. Tom Jones, who participated in the fight and was wounded, also came in. He gives quite a graphic account of the battle, and attributes the good luck of many of the boys in escaping to the fact of their having good horses. Tom's wound is not serious. He was struck by a bullet in the fleshy part of the arm.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 21.—Carl Manke, the condemned murderer, who was to have been hanged here to-day, had not a stay of proceedings been granted, attempted suicide this morning without success.

More Coal Creek Homicides.

[Subject of Illustration.]
Covington, Ind., June 15.—At Coal Creek to-day Frank Kelly, an ex-miner, shot Thomas Mills, a colored miner, in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. He then emptied the remaining loads of his revolver into a squad of colored miners near by, wounding two of them. The miners, procuring their guns near at hand, pursued him. He ran into the residence of Charles Habberman, the colored men firing into the building and keeping him prisoner until a sheriff's posse arrived, when all the parties were arrested.

Covington, Ind., June 16.—Everything is quiet to-night, although the excitement continues. The thirty-eight negroes will have a hearing to-morrow morning. For the present they

are quartered, under a guard, in the court room. Frank Kelly, accused of shooting the three negroes, and who is under \$5,000 bonds, gives the following statement: He was passing be-

stairs by those who were behind, and led away. Kelly and Grisdale were not released from confinement till the sheriff's deputies arrived in the afternoon. Charles Jefferson, colored, makes

Kelly was only pursued for the purpose of capturing him; that the shots were fired into Habberman's, but all the shots came out of the house.

in readiness. The thief soon raised the window-sash and crawled about half way through when he hesitated and jumped out again. Mr. Green then took a kneeling position and held a



CHARLOTTE BOWMAN MURDERED BY THE NEGRO WILLIAMS, IN A LOW BAGNIO IN COLUMBUS, O.—SEE PAGE 5.

intent to kill. The counsel for the state asked for a postponement until to-morrow morning, which was consented to by the attorneys for the defense, and the case was set for hearing at 9 o'clock in the morning. The prisoners were held in the sum of \$2,000 each, and all the white men gave bonds, while the negroes went to jail.

A Desperate Burglar Killed.

[Subject of Illustration.]
North Manchester, Ind., June 17.—At 1 o'clock this morning W. T. Green of the firm of Green & Vanbuskirk, Jlamaville, a little station three miles west of here on the Eel River Road, was awakened from his sleep by some one cutting at the west window of the store-room in which he was sleeping. He quietly reached for his revolver and held himself

in readiness. The thief soon raised the window-sash and crawled about half way through when he hesitated and jumped out again. Mr. Green then took a kneeling position and held a



JOHN BURNS, HANGED AT PARIS, ILL., JUNE 20TH, FOR THE MURDER OF ELIAH BRIDWELL.—SEE PAGE 2.



PERRY BOWSHER, HANGED AT CHILLICOTHE, O., JUNE 20TH, FOR THE MURDER OF THE McVEY FAMILY.—SEE PAGE 2.



WILLIAM V. TERRELL, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF JOHN WELDON, HIS SISTER AND NIECE, LOGAN, O.—SEE PAGE 2.

tween the two rows of Phelps houses, when the negroes ordered him away, saying it was no public highway, and began firing with revolvers. He had a revolver under his vest which they did not see. Tom Mills said "Shoot the —."

Give me a gun; I will give it to him. Get your guns boys and give him hell." After two or three shots had been fired by the negroes from revolvers the first of which took effect in Kelly's left arm, he shot at Mills, striking him in the left side. Kelly then endeavored to make his escape, but was hotly pursued by the mob, and just before gaining an entrance to Habberman's house was shot in the left forearm by Charles Jefferson, colored. Between fifty and sixty negroes soon surrounded the house and began firing into it from all directions, one shot entering the fleshy part of William Grisdale's thigh. An attempt was made by Albert Jones to get up-stairs where Kelly was, but was shot by Kelly as soon as he stepped into the room. He was dragged down-

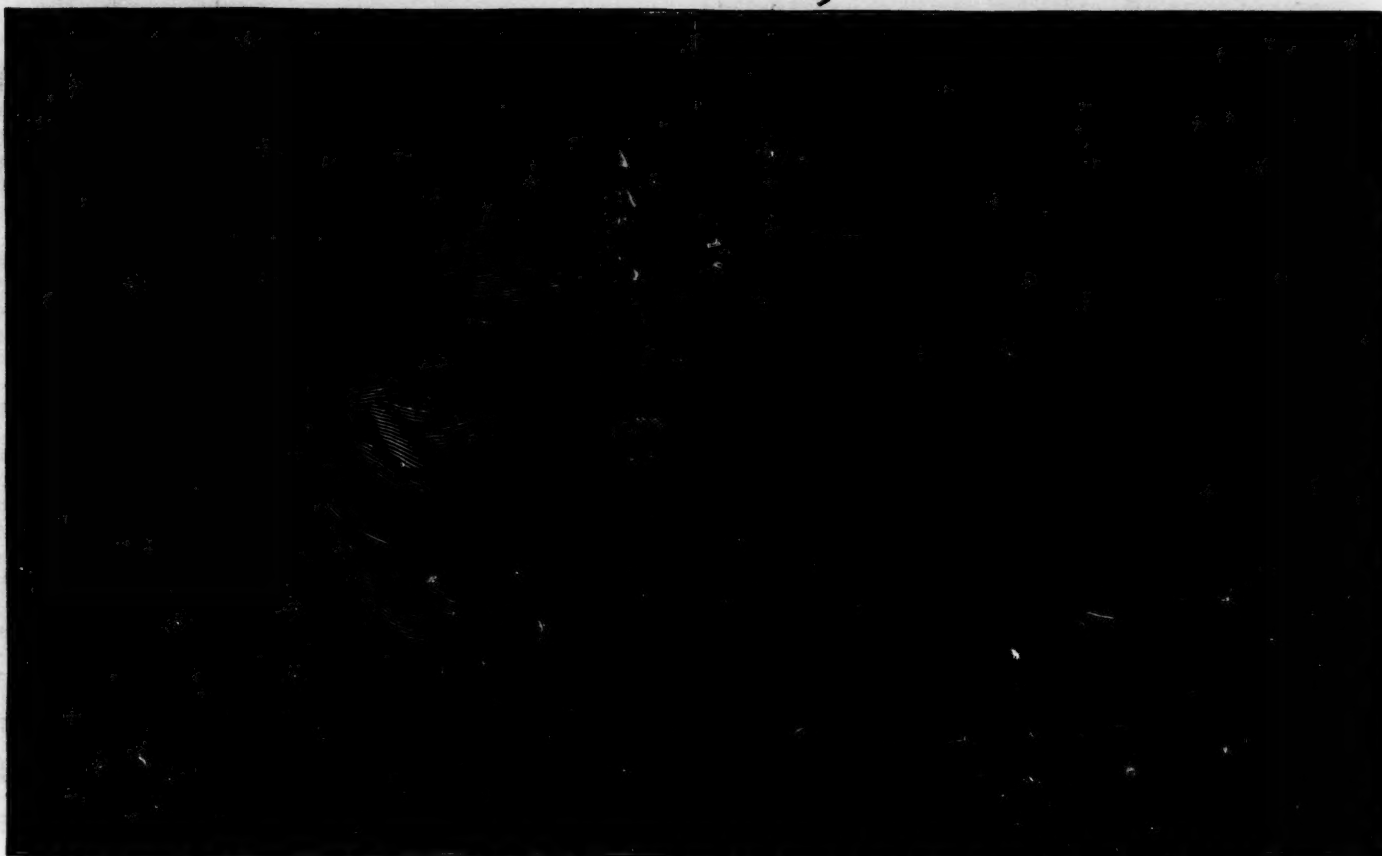
an entirely different statement to Kelly's. He says that Kelly fired first at Mills, without any provocation, and that the negroes had no arms until they went to their homes to get them, and

The prisoners, forty-two in number, were brought before I. J. Sloan, Justice, for preliminary examination, and pleaded not guilty of making an assault and battery on Frank Kelly with

steady aim on the open window. Soon the thief put in an appearance and again peered into the room. He must have suspected that some one was inside, for he called to his partner, telling him to give him a match, saying if the s— of a b— was inside they would make short work of him.

At this point Mr. Green fired, and the thief rolled out of the window dead, and his partner, who was on the outside, made his escape. The ball entered his skull and he died without a struggle.

The man was apparently thirty or thirty-two years old, and a tramp. Dr. Murphy, of Roann, recognized him as a man who had worked for him in March last, and went by the name of Joseph Winans. A tramp sailing under the name of Davis claims to know the man, and said his name was Libe Hoag, of Anglaize county, Ohio, and had left there for murder three years ago. His identity was not clearly established. No blame is attached to Green for shooting him.



MR. W. T. GREEN KILLS A DESPERATE BURGLAR WHO, WITH HIS PAL, ARE ABOUT TO ROB HIS STOREHOUSE, AT JLAMAVILLE, IND.

"Dead Men Tell no Tales."

(Subject of Illustration.)

CAIRO, Ill., June 15.—At two o'clock yesterday morning James A. Abbott, agent for the Adams Express at Golconda, was awakened by four men, who said that they wanted him to go to his store for ice for a sick person. On entering the store they demanded an \$800 express package supposed to be in Abbott's possession. The package had not arrived, but they robbed Abbott of about \$70 that he had on his person. Then three of them forced him into a skiff, and after proceeding down the river a few miles, threw him into the river with the remark, "Dead men tell no tales." Abbott fortunately reached the shore and returned and gave the alarm, which resulted in the capture of a stranger, supposed to be the one who remained on shore. The other three are still at large.

A Tale of Two Orphans.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 14.

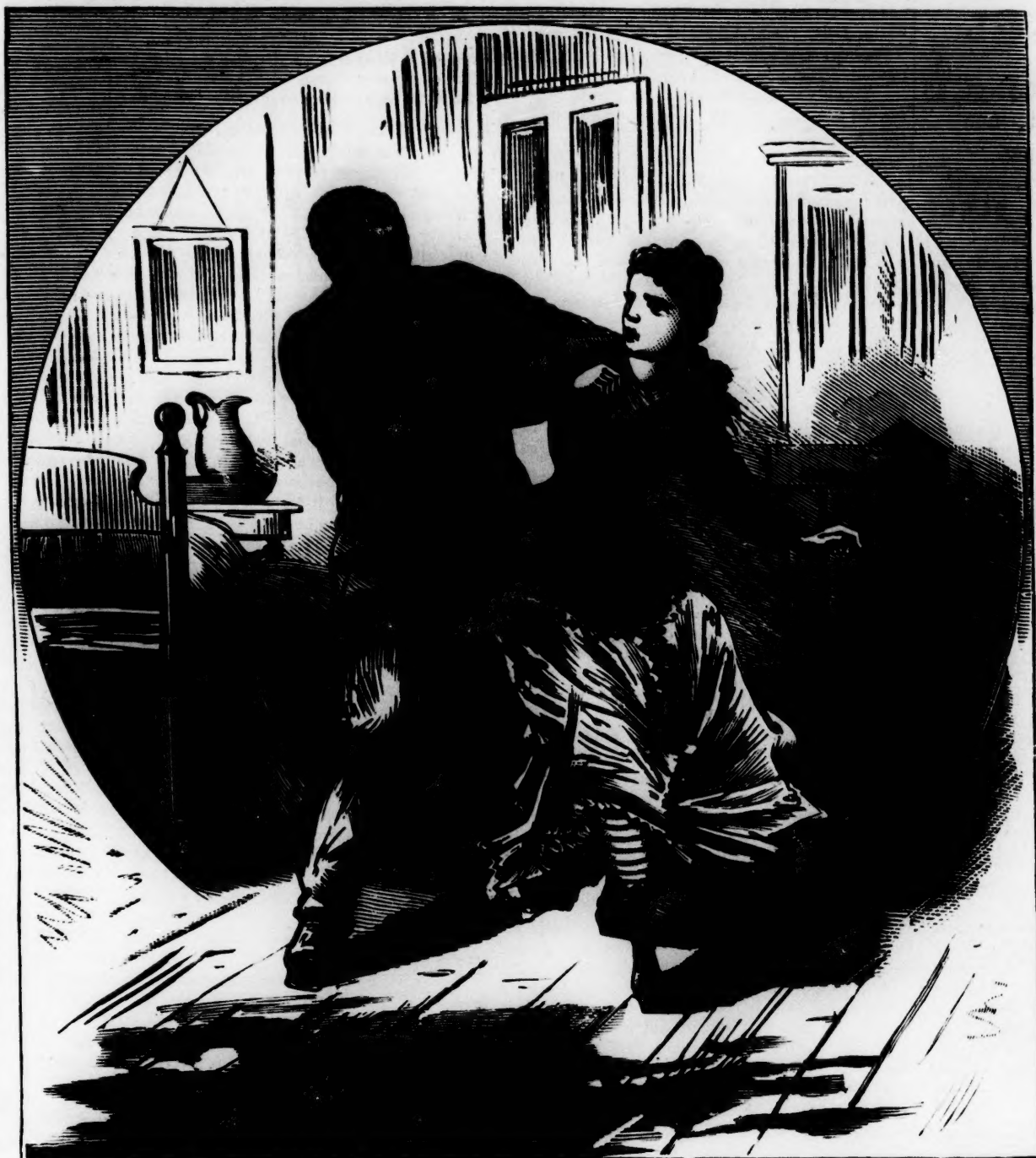
—There is a story floating about in a hazy way of two beautiful babies who found shelter for a few months at the Orphans' Home. They were twins, and so lovely that every body who saw them was delighted with them. How they got there deponent sayeth not; but there they were, as healthy and as happy as two babies could be. One day a woman, deeply veiled, came to see them. She caressed them and cried over them, and conducted herself in such a manner as only one nearly related to or deeply interested in the waifs would be likely to do. She was questioned on the subject. She refused to acknowledge any ownership in them, but, after some persuasion, decided to tell all she knew about them. She had been present when they were born, and knew that their father was a leading merchant, a married man, and their mother a young and beautiful unmarried lady of the city. The alleged father occupies a pew in one of the strictest and most fashionable churches. Indeed the entire church has united on more than one occasion in administering cold shoulder to women who were the subjects of malicious gossip and cruel slander. Every male member draws his garment closer about him when he passes one whom the scorching breath of suspicion has touched, and the majority of the female members are as unmerciful to any one whose line of conduct is not in accordance with their standard of propriety, as the God of the Japanese.

In this church the father of the twin orphans worships. He pays his pew-rent with commendable promptitude, and has a voice in

the music occasionally. His righteousness envelops him, and his piety weighs upon him.

One day a brother and sister from another state met in this city after several months' travel in different directions. Both were married and neither had any children. They concluded to visit the Orphan Asylum and look for children to adopt. They saw the twins and immediately decided to take them. A few weeks later the matron of the Asylum received their photographs. The little waifs were dressed in purple and fine linen, and had evidently fallen into good hands.

Their pious father rarely misses divine service, and their unhappy mother—well she tries to hide her grief from an un pitying world as well as she can.



TERRIBLE STRUGGLE OF MISS ELLEN McMASTERS WITH THE NEGRO MISCREANT SUMMERS, OMAHA, NEB.—SEE PAGE 10.

bury last night J. J. Kelsey ordered Luke Piper, a notorious character, who was fishing on his premises, to leave, which, it is alleged, he refused to do. It is also alleged, that Kelsey attempted to eject him, when Piper shot him through the abdomen, mortally wounding him. Piper then fled and has not been captured.

Fatal Row in a Slum.

(Subject of Illustration.)

COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 16.—John Williams, a negro barber, who signed the Murphy pledge one year ago, to-day celebrated its first anniversary by filling up with fire-water and starting out for a high old time generally. Proceeding to a low house of prostitution on Fifth street, where both white and colored women of the lowest order receive their friends, at once got into a wrangle with some of the inmates, when he drew a revolver and shot one Charlotte Bowman, a white woman, the ball passing through her right breast, striking one of her ribs, glanced around and came out in the back.

It is stated that Williams had been hanging around the place for two or three nights, making himself generally disagreeable even to the inmates. To-day he got enough corn-juice aboard to make him reckless. One report says that he accused one of the white women of following him on the streets. Other reports say there was jealousy existing among the women as to who should receive the caresses of the sooty "Othello." Williams made a break and escaped capture for a while, but was finally arrested and looked up. The victim is still alive, but it is hardly probable she will survive.

Fiendish Attempt by Strikers.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 18.—A horrible case of attempt at wholesale slaughter has been discovered here to-day. The Monitor Tug and Lumber Company have a large barge at their yards, which is being repaired. It is held in its position on the stocks by large ropes and blocks. During Monday night some one cut these ropes in a place where they were covered, and only the blocks kept the barge in its place. It had been determined to raise the barge with jackscrews this morning, and it was found not to be necessary. Had it been attempted at least a dozen men would probably have been instantly killed. It is thought by the company that the cutting was done by some men whose wages had been reduced and who have been talking ugly for some time. Detectives are at work on the case. This is the first display of anything like labor troubles in this city this summer.

A Drunkard's Bloody Revenge.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CHICAGO, Ill., June 16.—An atrocious and unprovoked murder was committed at nine o'clock last evening in Lake View, a suburb of this city, by William Cary, who shot Max Hegwein, brother of his (Cary's) divorced wife, inflicting a wound which proved fatal in about thirty minutes. Cary was a drunken loafer, who has been making himself insufferable since his divorce, and Hegwein has been acting as the protector of his sister and her children. The murderer is still at large. His motive was purely revenge.

Murdered by a Poacher.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., June 15.—At East Middle-



MURDER OF J. J. KELSEY BY A POACHER, EAST MIDDLEBURY, VT.



MAX HEGWEIN BRUTALLY MURDERED BY WILLIAM CARY, CHICAGO.

A FATHER'S FRENZY.

Desperate Midnight Attempt of an Aged Man to Brain his Son and Daughter-in-Law.

WAKING FROM SLEEP

To be Confronted by a Murderous Fiend Armed with a Deadly Ax and Bent on Slaughter.

NOT INSANE BUT DEVILISH.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ELLENVILLE, N. Y., June 19.—Twelve miles north of this village, among the spurs of the Catskills that overlook the valley of the Lackawack, there was yesterday morning enacted a tragedy that should have no place among the simple people of this remote region.

Some years ago Frederick Grinnell, a German, with his wife and family settled in upper Lackawack. By hard work, cutting timber, peeling bark and the like, he secured a tract of land, some fifty acres, which he cleared. He was known as hard working, industrious and, like his people, economical, but he was also called "an ugly man," and his irritable temper and savage disposition were also well known. As he grew old these disagreeable characteristics

BECAME MORE PRONOUNCED.

He frequently threatened to kill his wife or any member of his family who displeased him. His daughters married, and his sons left home, except Leonard or "Dick," as he was generally called. Dick was in love with the comely daughter of the nearest neighbor, John Amathor, who lived a quarter of a mile to the south. So he patiently remained on the farm, and assisted his father, or worked at peeling bark in the neighboring woods. He developed into a lusty young man six feet and more in height, and weighing 200 pounds. His father, though a large man, had a wholesome respect for "Dick," and often the latter had occasion to use his great strength to restrain his father from injuring his mother. The elder Grinnell grew more and more

MOROSE AND DANGEROUS.

Two years ago, in a paroxysm of anger, he decided to kill himself, and swallowed a teaspoonful of arsenic; but the big dose neutralized itself, and he was simply very ill. Again he seized his gun and threatened to kill his wife, when Dick disarmed him he said he was only going to kill himself. About a year ago he decided to give up hard work, for he was then sixty years old, and he gave his farm to Dick, stipulating that the latter should give him and his wife a home as long as they lived. Dick accepted the offer; and in October last married pretty Mary Amathor, who was seventeen years old, six years his junior. They lived very happily together, save when the old man exhibited his unreasonable and savage disposition. He did this so often that Dick dare not keep a gun about the house. But he wanted something "to shoot with," as he said, and so he procured a revolver, with which he soon became proficient, but which he always carried with him or kept in easy reach.

Four or five weeks ago old Grinnell renewed his threats

TO KILL HIS WIFE.

The cause he gave was that she had done some trifling household labor one day when her young daughter-in-law was ill. So determined was he in his threats that Dick sent his mother to live with her daughter in Grahamsville, a few miles distant. Then the old man began to threaten to kill Dick. He said if Dick was out of the way then the property could be divided among his other children. The stout young fellow cared nothing for these threats, to which he had grown accustomed, and set out to peel bark upon the mountains, twelve miles from his home. On Friday last a messenger went to him from his wife, who feared to stay alone at her home because her father-in-law had threatened to kill her with a chair. So the young man went home. He spent Monday evening with his wife at a neighbor's. At about 10:30 the two returned and went to bed. The old man was in his room down-stairs. Dick fell asleep and slept soundly. He lay on the back side of the bed,

HIS WIFE BY HIS SIDE.

The room in which they lay was not more than eight feet square. Above his head on a beam lay his revolver. In the night he was awakened by a scream from his wife and a blow on his arm. Half awake he sprang up, seized his revolver and fired. Then, fully aroused, he saw in the darkness the dim figure of a man by the bedside and he fired again. By the flash of his pistol he saw that the man was his own father, and dropping the weapon he jumped from the bed and grappled with him. The old man was no match for the lusty young man, and he was soon choked into submission. In the meantime the hired man, James Kogans, who slept in the next room, had slipped on his trousers and run into the

bed-room. Dick was still holding his father. "Did I hit you?" he asked of the old man. "Yes, twice," was the answer. A lamp was lighted. There on the bed lay

THE YOUNG WIFE BATHED IN BLOOD, the old man was on the floor, blood streaming from his face, and Dick's arm was bleeding. A large, bright ax lay on the bed.

"Run down to Amathor's, Jim," said Dick; and Jim, just as he was, ran across lots, through stumps and over logs. He was not gone over fifteen minutes, when he returned. The old man was sitting in a chair in his own room, Mary lay unconscious on the bed and her husband was striving to stanch the blood that flowed from two great gashes in her head.

Mrs. Amathor, the wounded girl's mother, then arrived. As she saw the would-be murderer she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Grinnell, what have you done?" His answer was to spring from the chair with a large butcher knife which he had obtained, and to strike at the distracted woman. But Dick was near, and he

CAUGHT THE OLD MAN AND DISARMED HIM.

With daylight came more neighbors, and soon a physician and a constable. The former found that the young wife had been struck on the head twice, the last blow nearly severing the ear. There were also two wounds on her breast. She was alive, but unconscious. He also found that one of the balls from Dick's pistol had grazed the old man's head, and that the other had entered his face, just below the right eye, and passing downward had lodged somewhere in the lower part of the head. Neither of the wounds seemed to discommode the elder Grinnell, and he was taken down to the settlement and there examined. He denied nothing, but told a clear, straight story. In broken English he said that about midnight he decided to kill Dick, and arising and dressing himself, had gone to the oorn house and got a new five-pound ax, which his son had just bought to peel bark with. Then, in his stocking feet, he softly went to the little bedroom, and, standing before the bed on which lay his sleeping children, he

STROOK AT THE FORM NEAREST TO HIM.

"I use de back of de ax," he said; "I know not vy I use not de blade. I would another dime." He said that he did not mean to kill Mary, but wanted to kill Dick, and that the reason he hit Mary was because she was the front side of the bed.

"You did not really mean to kill your son?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, yes I did. You must not say I did not." After the examination it was decided to send him to Kingston to await the action of the Grand Jury. Grinnell objected. "Vat's the use of all dis expense? How much better ash I kill Dick and den I vill kill myself," he said.

All his neighbors, when it is suggested that he is crazy, laugh. "Crazy, not much. He ain't crazy a mite. He's ugly; that's what ails him. The ugliest Dutchman you ever see."

The Centennial Murder Revived.

Shortly after Heinrich Wahlen took his life in the Norristown, Pa., jail, a mysterious letter was received by the German Ambassador at Washington, from Berlin, Prussia. The letter was written in a beautiful, clear, German hand, and was post-marked "Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory, December 17, 1877." The epistle was directed to the father of Max Hugo Hoehne, and purported to be from the son, for whose death Wahlen was sentenced to be hung. As the father could not be found, the German authorities sent to the German Ambassador here, and he, after vainly endeavoring to trace up Hoehne, Sr., sent it to the dead letter office.

The letter said the son was in good health at Fort Lincoln, and he wished his parents a merry Christmas. The envelope bore several German post office marks, showing that it had been sent to numerous places in search of the father, who had removed from Berlin, where he kept a restaurant. The Ambassador sent the letter to Philadelphia, and it fell into the hands of Dr. Morwitz, of the German Democrat. An investigation was begun, and it was decided that the epistle was a forgery, as the name signed at the bottom was "Max H. Hoehn," instead of the name being written in full. In addition, Hoehne was spelled without the final "e," a thing which the real son never did.

The letter gave rise, however, to a suspicion that the body found at Elm Station was not that of Max Hugo Hoehne, and that he had gone West, as he stated was his intention in a letter received from him by his father, some time previous to his mysterious disappearance, and raised the hope that the young man was really alive at Fort Lincoln. Then again there were others, and they were a majority, who were of the opinion that the latter had been written by some person at the instigation of Wahlen's counsel, and sent to Fort Lincoln, to be mailed to Berlin, hoping that it would be returned to this country in time to be brought before the Supreme Court to aid in securing a new trial for the convicted murderer. Wahlen's suicide, however, prevented the full consummation of this scheme, if such it was, and this mystery upon a mystery remains unsolved.

A PHENOMENAL FEMALE.

Story of "Waterford Jack," a Chicago Street Character and an Anomaly in the Ranks of the Fallen Sisterhood.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—The captain of the street prowlers of Chicago, Fannie Warren, known to the night crowds and the rougher elements of the city and the entire police force as "Waterford Jack," was adjudged insane in the county court a few days since. Few women, if any at all, whose lives lie along the gutters and in out-of-the-way places have a record like this unfortunate and degraded character. The home in Philadelphia from which she went out, of her own volition, was surrounded by everything which any one inclined to the virtues of life could desire. She did not drift into the scarlet brigade as the majority of those outcasts and shreds have done. It was her boast that no man was responsible for her first transgression. She took the step of her own accord, and no one was to blame for it. She never was an inmate of any house, always "going it upon her own line," as she was wont to say. She has been upon the streets of Chicago for twelve years or more, excepting the few brief intervals when she disappeared mysteriously. She had a wardrobe the like of which would make almost any society belle

HAVE WITH JEALOUSY.

Her apparel was never of the gaudy, for she had a taste, as women say, that was exquisite, and her outfit was always of the most substantial kind, and elaborately and elegantly gotten up to order. Her whole life lay upon the streets after night-fall. She was known at every corner by the cabby, the gambler, the local politician, the gamins of the brush and box, and the bummer and the vagrant. Strange to say, this element which generally passes some flippant remark at similar characters that fit under the gaslights like so many terror-stricken rats, never failed at Jack, and she never indulged in what is known as "back talk" unless it was when some one who knew her assailed her, when she would turn upon the "reviler" and let her tongue work out a flood of the most opprobrious epithets that ever fell from lips. Like few of her "sisters" of the night, and of sin, this woman had no friend, no "lover." She said life was too practical to indulge in the frivolous luxuries that withered as fast as they were born. She used to say that if a woman loved she must have a heart. If she had a heart it would get crushed, and that when that came to a woman her life was a burden. So she snapped her fingers

AT THE IDEA OF LOVING ANYBODY.

One remarkable fact in the history of this character is that she never allowed any intoxicating liquors of any kind to touch her lips. She was as temperate in this respect as any red-ribbonite could desire.

This woman accumulated wealth with a rapidity that was astonishing, and when a certain national bank "went up" in this city her book showed a balance to her credit of many thousand dollars.

As she was decidedly practical in everything, she never became sympathetic, and none of her earnings ever went to stake a brother gambler, or lighten the heart of a famishing woman of her own class, or any other. She said if people "got there," alluding to their unfortunate conditions, it was their own fault. Her money went into bank or into real estate. About her face there was nothing prepossessing, and her intellect was of an inferior order. But her great success was in understanding that business was business. She had no creed, no faith in God or man, and looked upon everybody as

READY TO BEAT HER IF THEY COULD.

About a year ago this woman packed up her trunks, jewels, and valuables of several different rooms kept by her in different parts of the city, had them put into an express wagon, and directed the driver to go to a certain number on Halsted street. He obeyed, and when he arrived there she told him to go to another number. This was continued until they had been driven to at least fifty houses, when she ordered him back to the place of beginning. The jehu thinking her crazy drove her to the armory, where she was locked up as insane. She disappeared suddenly and, it was said, she died in the asylum at Elgin. The fact caused just a murmur on the surface, and then the tide rolled on as if no such creature had ever existed. Suddenly she reappeared upon the street, attired in elegance, and commenced to furnish up rooms in different parts of the city. No one knew where she had been, and she

NEVER GAVE HERSELF AWAY.

But she at once began to show symptoms of unsound mind, and as fast as she would furnish a place she would dispose of it at half price. This kept up for a while; she again disappeared and after an absence of twelve months she was found, a few weeks ago, lying upon the bank of the Calumet river, her dress and garments saturated with a storm that had swept over the night before. She was taken out of this by Captain Ryan, of the Hyde Park Police, who turned her over to the officers of the armory. He baggage turned up in some mysterious manner containing her

elegant wardrobe and jewels. She has been in the county jail for some weeks and on yesterday she was in the county court and a jury pronounced her insane. She was as haggard as a fury; a perfect picture of despair, and clad in the most abject attire. The testimony of the county physician, and of some of the inmates of the women's department in the jail, about the filthy habits of the wretched creature is

UNFIT FOR PUBLICATION

She listened to these stories with considerable interest, seemingly, and said they were untrue.

Ex-Judge Boyden testified to certain property which he had heard she owned in Philadelphia, and that she had funds there.

The woman says that her last trip from Chicago was to Philadelphia to fix up some business there, but a designing woman robbed her of all she had. She was sent to the county hospital, and as soon as she goes through a training there will be sent to the asylum at Elgin.

The career of the woman, drifting from a pleasant home into an abandon that was glittering, then into a lower scale, and a lower, and finally into hopeless madness, forms a moral of its own kind which no language can adequately describe.

It may be of some interest to the "gang" to know the origin of the sobriquet "Waterford Jack."

BY WHICH THIS WOMAN WAS KNOWN.

In 1865 she was a boarder of "respectability" at the old Matteson House, on the corner of Dearborn and Randolph streets. One day as she came out from the hotel "Confidence Dave" (Vanderburg) of the United States secret service, a character, was upon the corner, and in reply to an inquiry as to who she was answered, "That's Waterford Jack." Dave, when he lived east had a very fine bull dog with a kink in his lip, and this dog he called "Waterford Jack," and the woman upon whom he bestowed the name had a similar mark on her lip, which reminded Dave of the dog. The joke got out among the gang, and the woman has carried it to this day. She was born in Ireland and came to Chicago from Salt Point, in New York. Her age is about thirty-five years.

A Big Police Scandal.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 17.—Peter Gazello, an ex-police officer, filed charges with the Mayor to-day against James McDonough, Chief of Police, asking for an investigation before the Police Board. Gazello says he was summoned to Police Headquarters, and on his arrival there was taken into a private room by the chief and bull-dozed. He charges that the chief called him "a G-d d-d loafer and scoundrel," and held him a prisoner for some time, all the while cursing and threatening him with the direct consequences. Gazello appends to his charges copies of three letters which, he says, were the cause of the chief's action. These letters are directed either to John G. Priest, the Vice-President of the Police Board, or to members of his family. One is from "Miss Mollie," who lays claim to an acquaintance with Priest, and urges him to reapportion Gazello on the force. Another is from Gazello himself, informing Priest that Miss Mollie, who had represented herself to be from Kentucky while at the house where she met Priest, was really a St. Louis girl, and telling him who her father and brothers are, and what they are likely to do when they find out what the relations have been between the police commissioner and their relative. The third letter of this unsavory bunch is from Peter Gazello's son, who writes at dictation of his mother, and addresses his communication to a son of Mr. Priest, in which he lays bare the old man's peccadilloes in a most remarkable narration. It appears that Priest turned the letters over to the chief, and the latter undertook to stop Gazello's *caveat scribendi* by giving him a terrible tongue-lashing. Priest has hitherto held the position of a highly moral man in the community, and this revelation of scandal brings to him a notoriety decidedly unpleasant.

Fatal Case of Man-Bite.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 19.—Stephen Ryan, unmarried man, twenty-two years old, left his home, at 127 Canal street, Sixteenth Ward, last Saturday evening, sound and sober. He returned home late at night intoxicated, his clothes disordered and his right thumb lacerated. He said he had been in a fight in a tavern near Second street and Fairmount avenue, the exact location of which he did not mention, and had had his thumb chewed. Inflammation of the wound set in early this week and Ryan was sent to the Episcopal Hospital for treatment. The worst symptoms of lockjaw supervened, and yesterday morning Ryan died. He refused, up to the time of his decease, to tell the name of the man who had bitten him or disclose anything further than that a large number were in the fight. Deputy Coroner Beam viewed the body last evening, and it was removed home. The police have thus far had an unsuccessful search for Ryan's assailant, owing to the fact that in the neighborhood of Second street and Fairmount avenue are many saloons, some very respectable, and because no precise spot was indicated.

AN IMPRESSARIO'S INTRIGUE

Max Strakosch, the Operatic Manager, Hauled up for Breach of Promise and Attempted Seduction.

THE FAIR COMPLAINANT

Charges Him with Seeking to Undermine Her Virtue by Assuring Her of Her Success as a Singer.

EXCUSE ON "RELIGIOUS" GROUNDS.

Mr. Max Strakosch walked away from his house, at 16 West Fourteenth street, on the 14th shortly after 11 o'clock. His profitable opera season with Kellogg and his approaching voyage to Europe had put him in the best of humor with himself and all the world. He twirled his cane jauntily, hummed the "Conspirators' Chorus" from "Madame Angot" with a grace which charmed the bystanders, and was turning his steps in the direction of the elevated railroad, when he almost ran against a gentleman coming from the opposite direction. Profuse apologies followed.

"Ah!" said the stranger, who proved to be Deputy Sheriff McGonigle. "Mr. Strakosch, I see. I am sorry to say I have a warrant for your arrest."

"Me!" Mr. Strakosch exclaimed in surprise. "Arrest me! What for, may I ask?"

Mr. McGonigle smiled again, more blandly than before, and produced a formidable legal document from his inside coat pockets, saying: "For breach of promise of marriage. Damages \$10,000. Order of arrest granted by Judge Donohue. Bail required in two sureties of \$5,000 each—

"OR LUDLOW STREET JAIL."

The great impressario looked appealingly around and then at his watch, and said: "It is now 11:20. Suppose we take a cab and settle this thing before lunch."

The two got into the cab and rattled down to the sheriff's office, when a message from Mr. Strakosch procured two satisfactory bondsmen in no time. This done the party adjourned for lunch, while the affidavits, documents, etc., went on file in the sheriff's office.

Miss Mary Clementine Smedley, late of Chicago and more recently of New York, is the fair plaintiff. She is twenty-two years of age, of prepossessing appearance, and has long had musical tastes and inclinations. She is a communicant in good standing of Bishop Cheney's Reformed Episcopal Church. Her affidavit, which accompanies the complaint, recites that on or about the 20th of September, 1875, in the city of New York, Mr. Strakosch solemnly promised to marry her, and that in consideration of this promise she remained single up to the time of his (Mr. Strakosch's) marriage; that on or about October, 1877, Mr. Strakosch falsely and wickedly and in violation of his compact, was married at Oakland, California, to one Miss — Neileon, of Long Island; that defendant, Strakosch, sought to take advantage of the plaintiff's ingenuousness; that finding his persuasions failed, he sought to convince the plaintiff that she could never succeed as an artist, or be a great and successful singer until she would discard her modesty and virtue, and practically

BECOME HIS MISTRESS.

To these iniquitous demands the plaintiff refused to comply, and was steadfast in repelling his advances, whereupon defendant grew cold and negligent toward her, and subsequently, on or about the 20th of August, 1875, refused to marry her, alleging as a reason for such refusal that he was a Jew, and that his religion would not permit him to intermarry with a Christian.

Miss Smedley further alleges that prior to the engagement, and while he was paying attentions to her, Strakosch undertook to give her a musical education, and expressed the opinion that she had large vocal capabilities, and that he wished her to become a great singer; that on or about August 23, 1875, he told her that he wished to talk to her of her future prospects in life, and could not do so uninterruptedly in the parlor of the Everett House, where he lived, nor in her boarding house; that he asked her, therefore, to go to the house of a family whom he knew intimately, and who would allow them to converse without interruption. Not suspecting his design, she went with him to a house in Thirteenth street, near Fifth avenue, where he

AGAIN RENEWED HIS ADVANCES.

She repulsed him indignantly, and demanded to be taken home, whereupon she was released and conducted to her residence. Strakosch subsequently expressed great regret for his conduct and asked her forgiveness, which she granted. She also declares that Strakosch persuaded her to leave home and friends and come to New York, representing that such a course was necessary in order that she might pursue her musical studies and be near him; and that his refusal to marry her caused her to suffer from nervous

prostration. For many months she was under the physician's care, during which time she suffered great mental and bodily pain.

Mr. George O. Moses, Miss Smedley's lawyer, was found at his office, 137 Broadway. He said: "The truth is that Mr. Strakosch's conduct has been grossly wrong and improper throughout his whole course with Miss Smedley. His violation of his plighted faith and his scandalous conduct have

DRIVEN THE POOR GIRL NEARLY WILD.

For months she lay so sick that her life was despaired of, and we all thought she would die. She came of highly respectable parentage, and her character and conduct are in every way unassailable. Her relatives and friends in Chicago, where she first met Mr. Strakosch, are of the utmost respectability. Her sister, Miss Mattie Smedley, lives in Saginaw, Mich., where she is in some sort of dressmaking or importing business. She has been cognizant of all these facts, and will be a witness. Miss Smedley's physician in Chicago will testify to her physical and mental condition at the time of her abandonment by Strakosch. What makes the latter's case worse is his marrying this Long Island lady, Miss Neileon, who is a Christian, just after his refusal to fulfill his promise of marriage to Miss Smedley because she is one."

"HAVE YOU ANY LETTERS BEARING OUT THE

"ALLEGED PROMISE OF MARRIAGE?"

"I do not care to speak of that at present. We have letters of Mr. Strakosch's, and what they are we will see on the trial."

From another source it was learned that Miss Smedley depends more on her own oath and on corroborative testimony than on the letters of the defendant. Most of the communications from the latter are written in a very guarded manner. At times, when the writer waxed warm and affectionate, he would frequently run his pen through certain phrases. Of course Strakosch and his lawyer, an individual named Wehle, of his own race, deny the matter in toto, and pronounce it a case of blackmail, etc.

In the richly furnished front parlor of a boarding house a few doors east of Fourth avenue the reporter found Miss Mary Clementine Smedley. She is about the medium height, has a pretty, willowy figure, with oval face, auburn hair and long, tremulous eyelashes. She wore a tasteful costume of some light, fashionable stuff—a sort of dark brown, with a high-cut corseage—and a handsome gold chain and locket about the neck. Encoined in a dark, high-backed chair, whose color contrasted favorably with her dress, her graceful attitude, modest manner and unassuming demeanor augured ill for the talented defendant. She told her story in a calm, quiet and impressive manner, which will be likely to prove

EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE WITH A JURY.

She said: "Mr. Strakosch's statement concerning our first meeting is correct. I wish he had been as truthful in regard to what followed. I wished to educate my voice, but I did not wish to leave Chicago, and it was only at his urgent and repeated solicitations that I should come to New York that I left Chicago. During his subsequent visit to that city he visited me frequently at that city, and it was perfectly understood between himself and my relatives and friends that he should marry me."

"His friends say that the first advance came from you, and that you tried to entrap him into an offer of marriage."

"Why, how could I do that?" the fair speaker continued, her voice trembling with suppressed emotion. "Mr. Strakosch was constantly worrying me to marry him. Why he got down on his knees and begged me to have him. He said to my sister in Chicago, 'Would to God that my affairs were such that I could marry Clementine now, without waiting.' Then came his mean subterfuge about my being a Christian

AND HIS BEING A JEW.

He didn't think of that when he married his other wife. Ah, sir, it is a sad thing for a woman after she has accepted a man and forgiven him and done all that I have, for him to cast her off in this manner. I am sorry for him, God knows, but look how he has treated me."

The news of the arrest created intense interest in operatic and stage circles yesterday. At the dramatic resorts on Union Square, the Belvedere, and elsewhere, hardly anything else was talked about. The general feeling was one of surprise and doubt.

Mr. Strakosch had taken passage for Liverpool for himself, wife and one man servant and maid servant, at the time of the arrest. He sailed in the Germanic on Saturday.

Game to the Last.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 21.—Jacob Levels, colored, was hanged in the county jail yard today for the murder of another colored man. No cooler man than Levels ever stepped on a death engine. He ascended the steps as firmly and with as little emotion as a man would display in walking up to a banquet. He took his place on the trap door with an air of the utmost indifference, and stood for a moment complacently regarding the upturned faces of the crowd beneath him. The sheriff raised his handkerchief, the trap fell and Jacob Levels dangled in the air, having fallen about four feet. His gasps and struggles for breath were painfully audible. He was pronounced dead in seventeen minutes.

A REAL ROMANCE.

Brave Struggle of a Talented Woman for Artistic Success Against Poverty, Home Troubles and the Deviltry of Two Brutes in Human Form.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—The following interesting story concerning a brave little woman who has recently been singing before the people of this city is worth transcribing: Some years ago a bright young girl, daughter of a dissipated journalist in Grand Rapids, Mich., discovered that she had a voice. She also discovered that she was comparatively ignorant, and that unless she could acquire an education she must be content to remain in obscurity, without the remotest hope of ever rising above the level of the plaster-grinders and saleratus-makers who compose a good share of Grand Rapids society. An education seemed out of the range of her possibilities, however. With a drunken father and an insane mother, she was the only one to care for a batch of neglected children; so she staid wearily at home, until Providence threw in her way a chance of studying at Mount Holyoke as a pupil-teacher. She got a reluctant consent from her father to go, and for several years she studied with

IMMENSE ENERGY AND PURPOSE.

Her voice developed gloriously while she was at Holyoke, and gave her and her friends every reason to believe that, with culture, she would become one of the world's singers. But she was poor, and culture costs money. Genius is not taken up suddenly in this work-a-day world (as it used to be), and the brave little girl saw a very dismal prospect of achieving the ambition which had grown up in her soul. She resolved to work, and work she did, singing at concerts, in choirs, earning a few dollars wherever she could and storing them away for the accomplishment of her design. She was rather fortunate after a little while, and was enabled to go to New York and enter the Conservatory of Music, where her abilities soon attracted attention. Miss Kellogg declared her voice to be superb. Tietjens heard her in oratorio and praised her method. Miss Cary was lavish in her encouragement. Max Strakosch lent his aid, and the little woman thus cheered on her arduous path devoted her whole soul to her art and made rapid progress. She was engaged at a fine salary as soprano in a leading church, and thus enabled to continue her studies without worry from

PECUNIARY PRESSURE.

By this time she had reached that stage in the life of an American singer when teachers say that the pupil has no more to learn here, and must proceed to European schools. And by this time also, had she fallen deeply in love with a gentleman—a physician of the highest standing—who, after a most assiduous courtship, offered her marriage and position, promising to take her to Milan, and there give her every possible art advantage. The poor child was delighted with the prospect, accepted the offer, and spent every dollar of her little hoard in the purchase of a wedding outfit. The morning of the day fixed for her marriage brought her the astonishing intelligence that her lover was a married man, and when she frenziedly demanded to know the truth, he tremblingly confessed that he was the husband of a living wife. Six months in hospital, a brain fever patient, the poor girl bitterly rued the day that she had ever permitted love to come

BETWEEN HER AND HER ART.

From the hospital she came out penniless, and with her voice nearly gone. There was nothing for her but to return to the old life in Michigan, to the revels of the father, the insane ravings of the mother, and the wretchedness of the neglected brothers and sisters. She went home and faced it all—worked for the hapless brood around her, sewed, painted taught drawing and music, and infused a little happiness and comfort into the cheerless household. Gradually her voice returned, and she went again upon the concert stage, singing in Grand Rapids, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland with marked success. Friends clustered around her, and once more she had a little hoard laid by for her cherished European journey and studies, when the illness of her mother called her to Grand Rapids again. The insanity of the mother was due to a painful malady, and the daughter nursed her for months with tender devotion. Her evil genius here threw across her path a person destined to

WORK HER UNUTTERABLE MISERY.

This was an individual claiming to be of noble German family and liberal means, one Dr. Marchenke, of Saxony, a man of fine address, extensive education, polished manners, and apparently unlimited means. He lived at the Morton House, had a style about him which laid over anything the gilded youth of Grand Rapids had ever been accustomed to, speedily won his way into the best society of the balliwick, and led a gorgeous life. He professed to be interested in large operations in corn and pork, speculating on the turn of the war and the demand for western food products. He met the young lady who is the subject of this sketch, and, after a long wooing and several rejections, won and married. The marriage was a tremendous event in Grand

Rapids, the biggest thing since the Presidential election in fact, and the whole town and the best part of Kent county turned out to witness it. The happy couple came to Chicago on their bridal tour, and put up at the Sherman House, where the best that Chicago afforded was considered by the bridegroom as

ALL TOO POOR FOR HIS BRIDE.

The young wife rejoiced in the thought that the dream of her life would be realized, and that in Europe she would soon, after faithful study, be enabled to win applause as a great artist. Had not her husband promised to take her? Was he not rich and talented? Was he not of noble blood, and had he not produced papers to prove his claims? And how good of him to marry a poor little Michigan songstress, with no fortune but her voice, some diamonds and \$300 in cash!

One day, while enjoying her dreams of fame, her husband rushed in excitedly.

"Baby mine," he said, "I hat choost recesefet vife dousands poosels of krain, unt I must bay se vright. My money didn't vas come from Ohermany, unt I must haf dat krain. Lemt me doose dref boondert thalers you vas got, unt I bays you ven I got my remiddances."

She cheerfully complied with the request, gave him every cent of her little store, and was happy in the thought that she could do so much for him. Next day he came in tearing and swearing that he had lost his all by the result of his speculation, and

COULDN'T PAY HIS HOTEL BILL.

They had to leave the Sherman House minus their trunks, left behind as security, and take up less expensive quarters, where they subsisted for a while on the products of the unhappy woman's diamonds, temporarily loaned to a pawnbroker. These went, then every article of ornament, then all superfluous clothing, and then the husband declared that he was a beggar, and confessed to his wife that the money he had borrowed from her had been squandered in gambling.

Here was a second experience with a vengeance. Gathering what little impediments she had together, and borrowing a few dollars from a Chicago friend, she fled back to Grand Rapids, there to be received with contempt. Her parents were mad with her for having been deceived; the public, especially the women, gloried in her discomfiture, and taunted her with her ambitious alliance, while the church members turned up their noses at a woman who, after having been entrapped into a marriage with a scoundrel, had the courage to leave him rather than starve as

THE WIFE OF A BLACKLEG.

Nothing remained but work. Cherishing her ideal she could only see one course of rapidly attaining it, for she felt the years and the sorrows she had endured telling upon her. One can be made to feel very old at twenty-two. She boldly ventured upon the vaudeville stage, as a ballad singer, and engaged with C. M. Welch, who had just reopened the Theatre Comique, Detroit. For a month she filled that house from pit to dome, and earned enough money to take her wardrobe and jewels out of pawn. The godly, for whom she had so often sung, the leaders of charitable-fashionable organizations, who had often had her gratuitous services at concerts and festivals, turned from her because she sought a living on the only stage open to her, and threw upon the atmosphere of a variety theatre a refinement and elegance which have

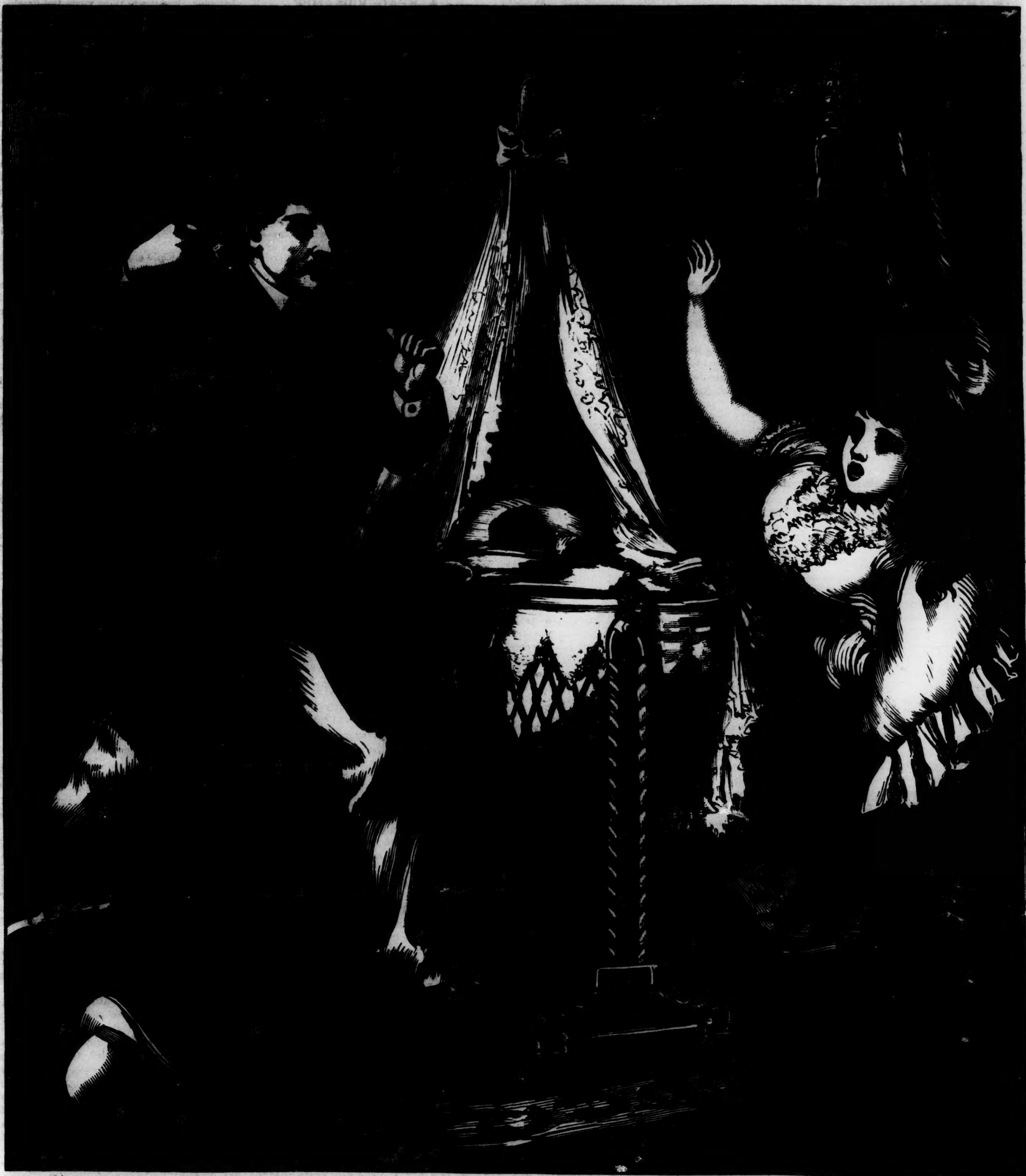
NOT YET LOST THEIR INFLUENCE.

But she worked on, and since, in the Theatre Comique, in St. Louis, and the New Chicago Theatre, in this city, her sweet, sad songs have won the plaudits of thousands. She is still singing and trying to scrape together money enough to take her to Europe, and every one who has read the sad story of a pure, high-minded and deeply-wronged woman will surely wish her success.

The name of the lady is Miss Inez Sexton—she has dropped the name of the Saxon sprig of nobility who deceived her. She will not be thankful for this narration of her history, but it is only right that the public should know something about a woman who is certainly more than an ornament to the vaudeville stage, and who only occupies it in pursuit of the means to a noble end.

A Strange Story.

The Journal De Monaco tells a strange story as to an Englishman whom it styles "Sir H." while bathing at the Point Barrays he incautiously struck his head against a rock. The wound bled profusely, and he could only just regain the shore before fainting. He recovered consciousness in a few hours, but was too weak to dress, and lay there naked and starving for six days, when, collecting all his strength, he managed to climb and crawl to the wall of a garden and knock at the gate with a stick. Men working in the garden went to the gate and were startled at seeing an apparent corpse, but restoratives brought him back to consciousness, and, though he could not speak, he scrawled a few lines to the landlord of his hotel. He is now out of danger, though the state of his wounds confirmed the length of his exposure and privations.



GOING BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES—THE HORRIFYING DISCOVERY OF A RETURNED BOSTON DRUMMER WHICH SENT A BULLET INTO THE NEWLY-MADE FATHER'S HEAD.—SEE PAGE 2.



LYNCHING OF SADLER AND PEARSON, ACCUSED OF A BRUTAL OUTRAGE ON MRS. GROVES, SPRINGFIELD, TENN.—SEE PAGE 12.



THE CHICAGO THUGS, SHERRY AND CONNOLLY, RECEIVING THE CONSOLATIONS OF SENTIMENTAL FEMALE VISITORS.—SEE PAGE 14.



PRETTY MISS PRANGE'S ADVENTURE—SHE CHASES AND OVERHAULS A MAN WHO, DRIVEN TO DESPERATION BY WANT, HAD ROBBED HER OF HER POCKETBOOK, AND THEN TURNS PHILANTHROPIST, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.



FATAL AFFRAY BETWEEN FRANK KELLY AND A GANG OF NEGRO MINERS, AT COAL CREEK, IND.—SEE PAGE 4.

MURDERERS' MUSTER.

Weekly Roll-Call of Recruits in the Grand Army of His Satanic Majesty.

BLOODY BAD ONES.

A Showing That Gives the Hangman no Fear of an Immediate Collapse in His Line.

WHICH IS OF THE HEMPEN VARIETY

MURDERER OVERHAULED.

HALIFAX, June 20.—On the arrival at North Sidney yesterday of the ship Royal Charter, from London, one of her crew was arrested on charge of having murdered the captain of the Swedish bark Oscar on a recent voyage. The culprit had eluded the London police, who forwarded a full description of him to North Sidney.

THE ELLISON MURDER TRIAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20.—In the Criminal Court of this District to-day the case of George C. Ellison, formerly Chief Engineer of the House of Representatives, charged with killing David Small, on the 7th of March, 1877, was called for the second time, the jury having failed to agree on the first trial. Ellison's counsel are ex-Judge Mayham, of New York; Representatives Casey Young, of Tennessee; Ellis, of Louisiana, and W. A. Cook, of this District.

A DESPERATE MURDERER'S DEATH.

DALLAS, Texas, June 16.—A few nights ago Charles Baker assaulted his wife with a hatchet and came near killing her, because of her faithlessness to him. He made his escape from the officers at the time, but returned to the city this morning, and upon Officers Cornwall and Scott attempting his arrest he drew two pistols and fired on them. The officers returned fire and fatally shot Baker in the head twice. He then attempted to kill himself, firing a third shot into his head, the ball entering the right eye.

ABE ROTHSCHILD'S DODGES.

MARSHALL, Texas, June 18.—The Court overruled several motions by the defense in the Abe Rothschild case, among them motions to quash the indictment, quash the special venire, and that the Harrison County Court, where the case now is by change of venue, has no jurisdiction. The motion for continuance on the ground of the absence of witnesses for the defense was granted, and the case goes over for five months. It was stated in the motion for a continuance that it is expected to prove that Bessie Moore was seen alive after Rothschild had left the state, and that the ground where the body was found was visited after the day on which it is alleged the act was committed, and nothing of the body was seen.

CHILD MURDERER SENTENCED.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 15.—Frank Lynch, convicted of murder in the second degree, was sentenced in the Criminal Court this morning to twelve years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary. Lynch made a confession some months since that he threw his child, four years of age, from the railroad bridge into the Allegheny river. He had quarreled with his wife, and the two had resolved to have the child placed in the Home for the Friendless. Lynch parted with his wife, taking the child with him, and then threw it into the river. The body of the child was not recovered until a few months since, but was fully identified. After the confession had been made Lynch feigned insanity and subsequently attempted to commit suicide in jail.

FATAL FEMALE FIGHT.

Mary Ann Foley and Margaret Battles became engaged in an altercation on the 8th inst., at their house, 113 Baxter street, this city. The dispute was brought to a hasty termination by Mrs. Battles, who, it is alleged, caught Mary Ann around the waist and threw her down a flight of stairs. When assistance arrived Mrs. Foley was found insensible on the landing. She was sent to the Chambers Street Hospital, where it was discovered that she was suffering from a compound fracture of the right leg. Margaret Battles was arrested by the police of the Fourteenth precinct and arraigned before a police magistrate, who committed her to await the result of the injuries inflicted. The coroner's office was notified on the 18th inst. that Mary Ann Foley had died at the Chambers Street Hospital from the effects of the injuries she received in the affray.

TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 19.—The stabbing of the young man, Charles Link, by Joseph Fleck, on Shackamaxon street, near Wilkey, on Saturday night, June 8, which terminated in Link's death a few days ago, was investigated yesterday by the coroner. The testimony showed that Link, Fleck and a young man named Wallace started up the street together, after Link had danced a jig, and that after Wallace left them Link and Fleck fought twice and were separated by Wallace. Link sat on a step and complained of feeling sick. Wallace took him home and did

not know until next day of the stabbing. The coroner's physician's autopsy showed that death resulted from peritonitis from a wound in the abdomen. The jury's verdict was soon returned—"Death from peritonitis, the result of violence received at the hands of Joseph Fleck." Fleck was committed to prison by the coroner.

ATROCIOUS MURDER BY A NEGRO.

TARBORO, N. C., June 16.—Yesterday morning a fearful affair occurred in Washington, in this state. As usual, a woman and unlawful love were at the bottom of it. Ben Whitfield, a negro, murdered Louise Muse, his sister-in-law and mistress. The woman was enceinte, and he committed the diabolical deed in order to prevent the consequent denouncement. Yesterday Whitfield directed Louise, who was living with his family, to return a basket to her father, which he had borrowed. After receiving these directions, she started on her errand, accompanied by her little sister, aged six years. When she had nearly reached the house, she was confronted by Whitfield, who was hid behind a tree. Without saying a word, he deliberately leveled a double-barreled shot-gun at her, and sent the entire charge into her body. He was so close to her that the charge nearly severed her right arm. She fell, catching the girl in her arms and saying, "My Lord, Ben, what made you do this?" and expired. The girl ran back and gave the alarm. Search being made for the murderer, he was found sitting quietly by the roadside paring his toe, with the murderous weapon lying by his side.

A MURDERER'S ACQUITTAL.

TOLEDO, O., June 16.—John Steinman, after a long and somewhat exciting trial for the murder of James Stevens, was, late last night, acquitted by the jury, and was set at liberty. This was a saloon slaughter, growing out of a jealous quarrel over a woman of bad character. Steinman killed Stevens under very peculiar circumstances. Some two years ago Stevens had a sweetheart, a very lovable young girl, named Mollie Barton. By Stevens the girl lost her virtue, and thereupon, she took his name (Stevens) and became his mistress. Soon after, for some other crime, Stevens was sent to the penitentiary, when the girl drifted into the same relation with other men, finally turning up as a business girl in a saloon here, kept by Steinman. Stevens was discharged from the Columbus prison last fall, and came to this city at once, and one of the first persons he met was the girl, his old sweetheart, in Steinman's saloon, where she was bearing Steinman's name. He at once vowed deadly revenge and visited the saloon, provoked a quarrel under the cause of which, as the evidence has shown, he had planned to kill Steinman. The latter at the moment, however, divined his plans, and under pretense of reaching under the bar, which he was tending, got and cooked his revolver, and with the nozzle close to Stevens' heart, shot the latter dead. He was tried at the recent term and convicted of manslaughter, and was actually sent to Columbus, when Judge Rouse set the verdict aside and gave him a second trial, which was the one resulting as above stated.

A Negro Villain's Deserved Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

OMAHA, Neb., June 17.—On the morning of Friday, June 14, at 4 A. M., loud screams for help were heard from a one-story brick tenement house at the rear of Dr. William Edwards' drug store, on the corner of Thirtieth and Jackson streets, in this city. From information received it appears that a negro named Charles Summers had been forcing his attentions upon a single woman named Ellen McMaisters, to whom they were exceedingly disagreeable, and who had often repulsed him. The negro being infatuated with her, however, persisted in annoying the lady. On the occasion in question he made a forcible entry into the house and room of the lady, and again recommenced his overtures to her. After four hours of desperate attempts to violate her person she threatened to call up the neighbors. The negro, incensed and desperate, then commenced stabbing her with a poniard, cutting her severely on the hands, arms, breast and neck, declaring at the same time his intention to murder her and kill himself. She fought the brutal negro like a tigress, and her screams finally brought the neighbors to her assistance, when the villain decamped. Dr. Edwards dressed Miss McMaisters' wounds, and succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage from the jugular vein, which was profuse and dangerous, and she will probably recover.

On the 15th the City Marshal learned that the negro left at daylight of that day for Plattsmouth. The marshal ran his horse to Bellevue for the B. and M. train. The train overtook the negro on the track near Laplatte. The negro entered the brush. The train stopped and the marshal encountered the negro in the brush. He ordered him to surrender several times, when the negro drew a knife, opened it and started for the marshal. The latter drew a revolver and shot the negro dead. His body was brought here the same night. There is great excitement. Thousands of citizens have viewed the remains. Summers was forty years old, a waiter at the Grand Central Hotel.

MARITAL MISERIES.

Two Vigorous Stories of Different Colors as Told in the Brand Divorce Suit, in Which the Defendant is Charged With Being a Rough and Ruthless Bully and the Plaintiff With Being a Lady of Easy Virtue.

The story of the plaintiff in the suit of Wilhelmina Brand against George Brand, in Brooklyn, N. Y., was published a short time since. She sued for limited divorce, on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, and made a series of charges of the most outrageous violence. According to her sworn complaint and affidavit he beat, kicked and otherwise maltreated her; chased her with a carving knife; threatened her life and banged her around an unlimited number of times. He failed to support her and her child, and conducted himself generally like a big, rough, roystering, ruthless bully.

On a motion for alimony and counsel fee to be made the defendant will have an opportunity to say something in his own behalf. He is a man of about twenty-five, weighing perhaps one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He is short and slim, and of a most gentle and amiable bearing. He comes of a good stock, his brother being a refugee from Germany on account of his liberal views.

In his answer the defendant denies every allegation of cruelty, and says that at the time mentioned in the complaint it was the plaintiff who ill treated him, and in her boundless passion destroyed his goods and chattels; defendant swore that before his marriage to plaintiff she represented herself as a chaste and virtuous woman, and thereupon he married her in 1874. He found, however, that her statements were fraudulent and false, and made to entice and

INVEIGLE HIM INTO MARRYING HER.

He alleges that when he married plaintiff she was in a condition which gave her a claim on some other man, and that since he discovered the truth he has not lived with her as a husband.

In his affidavit defendant brands each and every allegation of the plaintiff as "a fabricated bouquet of stinking falsehoods, culled from the flames of plaintiff's disordered imagination by the cunning of her attorney," and used to bring him into bad odor with the Court. Defendant swears that four years ago, when he married plaintiff, he was a young and inexperienced German. He was introduced to the plaintiff by a marriage broker, named Heinrich Thorman. Thorman took him to plaintiff's residence, on Dikeman street. There defendant was drugged and left alone with plaintiff until next morning. Plaintiff was a widow, and more experienced than defendant. When he recovered next morning from the effects of the drug, plaintiff said that she meant marriage and that he was the man. Threatened with the law, he consented to marry her, and did so on April 26, 1874. He tried to live happily, but she was jealous and of a sharp temper, and peace was impossible. After defendant discovered the fatal secret referred to in the answer, scarcely a day passed without his receiving

SOME TOKEN OF HIS WIFE'S HATE.

The very food which he provided for her was often hurled at him than eaten. She broke the crockery and furniture, and as late as May 27, 1878, threw the bread and the ingredients of their humble meal at him, smashed their dishes on the table and terribly thrashed defendant's old mother. Then plaintiff quitted the house, but subsequently returned, and in her passion endangered defendant's life. Not quite seven months after the marriage a full-grown child was born. Defendant is informed and believes that the father of this child is one Bob Lowery, a married man, residing on Van Brunt and Dikeman streets. Defendant has discovered since she left him that she was a faithless wife, and is informed by one Julius Lewandowsky, an eye-witness, that during May, June and July, 1876, Lowery visited plaintiff in defendant's own house, while he was at work to support her. Defendant swears that his wife left him without any provocation; that he is earning \$15 a week, and drawing only \$10, as \$5 goes to pay off a loan from his employer, and that he never laid hands on plaintiff or abused her in any way.

Michael Brand, the father of the defendant, deposes that the

PLAINTIFF'S DISPOSITION IS VIOLENT.

He lived for some time in the same house with them, and never saw defendant strike plaintiff. Defendant has worked for nearly fifteen years in one place, has no bad habits, and is not quarrelsome. He provided bountifully for his wife, and contributed to the support of her sister, Louisa Botzman. Plaintiff is extravagant, and neglected her home, spending most of the time in the street. On last Decoration Day she was away all day. At night she came home in a rage, and chased her husband out of the place. He went to defendant and his wife, and got them to intercede, and they did so. Plaintiff abused them, and, seizing her husband's mother, threw her against the wall. Plaintiff is muscular, and to defendant's knowledge able to chastise her husband with ease. Deponent never heard of defendant chasing plaintiff with a carving-knife.

She often told deponent that his little son was a kind and faithful companion and a good husband.

Herman Grahfs, pork-packer, of Prospect street, deposed that defendant had been in his employ for fourteen years. He was industrious, sober and amiable, and had been longer with him than any other workman. He was not quarrelsome, and

HAD NO BAD HABITS.

John Brand deposed that from April, 1877, to June 1, 1878, he lived with the parties. Plaintiff was violent and quarrelsome. Scarcely a day passed without her abusing defendant. She struck him, threw bread at him and broke the dishes once a week at least. Deponent never saw the defendant strike plaintiff, but he has seen him run away from plaintiff for fear of getting a thrashing. She never attended to the house, and was mostly away from home.

Julius A. Lewandowsky, of 678 Third avenue, deposed that in November, 1875, the plaintiff, then known to him as Mrs. Ahlers, asked him to take care of a boy aged ten or eleven months. He did so for twenty-six months. Once she came to him and said she would tell him something—Bob Lowery, of Van Brunt and Dikeman streets, was the father of the child. She asked deponent to go with her to see Lowery, and he did so. She stood outside while he went in and asked Lowery for

MONEY TO SUPPORT THE CHILD.

He gave deponent \$2. A week afterward Lowery called on deponent and agreed to pay for the child. He said he supposed it was his, but he was a married man, and deponent must not let his wife know. He gave deponent \$5 for the child, and in all about \$30. A few days before plaintiff married Brand she borrowed \$15 from deponent, which Brand paid back after the marriage. Plaintiff told witnesses that Lowery had often been to see her. In February, 1877, deponent went to plaintiff's house. She was in bed and Lowery was in the same room. Plaintiff once attacked deponent with a piece of wood and hurt him badly. She had praised her husband to deponent. She was able to chastise her husband with ease, as she was an exceedingly muscular female. Her reputation was bad before her marriage to Brand.

Kunigunde Maeder deposed that between the death of Ahlers and his widow's marriage to Brand, he had seen Lowery with plaintiff, who told him that the child which might be expected was Lowery's. Between 1876 and 1877 plaintiff used to come to deponent's residence and get her to go for Lowery to 162 Dikeman street. Lowery and plaintiff used to be alone, and

LOWERY GAVE HER MONEY.

It would take a strong man to impose on the plaintiff.

Elizabeth Brand, mother of defendant, deposed that the defendant had supported himself since he was nine years old. He was a mild, obedient son, and never quarrelsome. When deponent went to plaintiff's, after she had driven her husband away on Decoration Day, she swore at deponent and deponent's husband, and said, "Go out of my house, ———— tribe of ragged beggars." Then she seized deponent and threw her. This was at 308 Floyd street. Deponent's son stood in dread of his wife, who had him in complete domestic subjugation. She was a dangerous woman and more than able to chastise her husband in any fight. She was a strong woman and as determined as Leonidas.

The motion for alimony and counsel fee is to come on to-morrow.

For plaintiff, Baldwin F. Strauss; for defendant, Semler & Strauss.

A Plucky Officer's Fight.

On the morning of the 18th, about half-past 1 o'clock, as Officer William H. Taylor, better known as "Dashing Bill," was patrolling his post along Sheriff street, in this city, he noticed a crowd of men acting in a very disorderly manner. The officer cautioned them to keep quiet, and to go home. This the men refused to do, saying, "We'll do as we please, and if you dare to interfere with us you'll get a broken head for your trouble." This remark, it is alleged, was made by a young man named Michael Hurley. The officer, seeing they paid no attention to his warning, seized one of the unruly men by the collar, and attempted to take him to the station house. Before the officer made one step he was grabbed by the throat, hurled upon the ground and his locust snatched out of his hand. The crowd of men clubbed and kicked him unmercifully, and knocked his head repeatedly against the pavement. The officer then drew his revolver, and pointing it at the crowd, said: "I'll kill the first man who moves hand or foot." He then grasped Hurley and marched him to the police station without further hindrance. The prisoner was arraigned before Justice Bixby, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, and on his plea of not guilty was held for trial to await the action of the Grand Jury.

St. Johns, N. B., June 21.—Arrangements are being completed for the execution of the murderer Vaughan. He will be hanged at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. He is in good health and comparatively cheerful. When interviewed to-day he said he longed to die.

A POISONING PLOT.

Mysterious and Terrible Death of Mrs. Hubbard, of Gravesend, Long Island.

A FATAL DRINK OF BEER.

Accusations of the Deceased and Suspicious of the Community as to the Guilty Party.

CONTRADICTORY STATEMENTS.

Mrs. Maria L. Hubbard, wife of Samuel Hubbard, a well-to-do citizen of Gravesend, L. I., died in agony and with symptoms of poisoning at her home on Tuesday morning, 18th inst., under circumstances that have thus far baffled explanation. Mrs. Hubbard was a native of England, but had spent most of her fifty years of life in this country. Her maiden name was Allen. Her first husband's name was Powers, and her second Hinman. After the death of the latter, she was married to Mr. Hubbard about a year ago last November. She had made a fortune of \$35,000 as keeper of a restaurant in Fulton Market, which she held in her own name at the time of her death. About three years ago, when her second husband, Mr. Hinman, was yet alive, she took up her abode with Mr. Hubbard at Gravesend as his housekeeper. There was little surprise manifested when she married Mr. Hubbard very soon after the

DEATH OF MR. HINMAN.

Mr. Hubbard has also had some matrimonial experience, for, about eighteen years ago, he was divorced from his first wife, who is said to be still living in Brooklyn, and was married again. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hubbard had any children by their former marriages, and they lived alone in a comfortable house near the Gravesend station of the Prospect Park and Coney Island railroad until last March. Then a niece of Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Elizabeth Lusk, was adopted as a daughter, came to live with the Hubbards, and, so far as known, the three were on the most amicable terms. Mr. Hubbard had considerable property independent of his wife. He had mainly obtained it by farming.

On Tuesday morning, 18th inst., at about 10 o'clock, Mr. Hubbard was lying on the lounge in the dining-room; Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Lusk were ironing in the kitchen adjoining. Mrs. Hubbard complained that she felt weak, and asked Miss Lusk to go down in the cellar and bring up a half bottle of lager beer that had been left from a previous meal. Miss Lusk went for the beer to the cellar and brought it up. Mrs. Hubbard had only previously drank from the bottle. A clean tumbler was taken from the cupboard, and the contents of the bottle were poured into it. Then Mrs. Hubbard drank a few swallows. The beer had hardly touched her lips before she exclaimed: "Elizabeth, it tastes very queer and strange. It has potash in it, I think. Oh, my God!"

"MY GOD! I'M POISONED!"

She wanted her husband to taste it, and he says he did take a small portion, though not much as, he had tobacco in his mouth. He thinks he must have swallowed a little of the beer, and Miss Lusk thinks so too. He said to his wife that he could not see any difference, although he now thinks that the tobacco in his mouth may have prevented his noticing any unusual taste. Miss Lusk was also asked by Mrs. Hubbard to taste the beer but she declined, as she says, because she never tasted beer in her life.

In a few minutes Mrs. Hubbard was rolling on the floor in an agony of pain, accompanied by periodical and violent convulsions. She besought her niece to go for assistance. Miss Lusk ran immediately for Mr. John B. Douglass, a son-in-law of Mr. Hoagland who keeps the hotel opposite, and, upon Mr. Douglass's arrival he found Mrs. Hubbard in great pain, but with quiet intervals. She declared over and over again that she had been poisoned by

HER HUSBAND'S RELATIONS.

She remained perfectly conscious all the time, knew her husband, her niece, and Mr. Douglass, called them by name and intelligently aided Mr. Douglass in his efforts to alleviate her pain by feeding her butter. She exclaimed, "Mr. Douglass, save me! I am poisoned! My husband's relations have poisoned me!" She frequently mentioned the name of Cobe Stryker as the one who had poisoned her.

Both Mr. Hubbard and Miss Lusk say, however, that Jacobus Stryker, a nephew of Mr. Hubbard, has not been near the house in several days at least, and that he could not have had access to the cellar without their knowledge.

Miss Lusk said, "He is no more guilty than I am."

Mr. Douglass sent Mr. Hubbard for a physician, and was obliged to insist upon his going, as he came back to ask if it was really necessary before the doctor arrived

MRS. HUBBARD DIED.

Coroner Simms was informed at once, and Mr. Douglass gave him the remainder of the tumbler full of beer from which Mrs. Hubbard had drank, which had remained untouched upon the table all the time. The coroner impanelled a jury, and, in company with Dr. Sheppard, made an autopsy. The stomach and intestines were sealed up, together with the remainder of the beer. They are to be subjected to chemical analysis in time for the testimony before the coroner's jury, which will be taken on Tuesday, 25th inst.

Meanwhile, speculation is rife as to the cause of Mrs. Hubbard's death. One rumor said that Mr. Hubbard had purchased arsenic. But the coroner says the poison is strychnine. Mr. Hubbard said that he had bought some arsenic to kill rats about two months ago, but he had kept it in the barn and not brought it in the house. He could not account for his wife's death. She had complained of heartburn recently, and could not lie comfortable on one side at times, but he had no means of

ACCOUNTING FOR HER BEING POISONED.

He regretted very much that Cobe Stryker's name had been used, as he knew that there was not the slightest occasion for such a charge and that Mr. Stryker had not had an opportunity to go into the cellar.

Miss Lusk said she could not believe that her aunt had been poisoned, because she had drank from the same bottle the day before, and the glass was a clean one. Miss Lusk is a young, clear-complexioned, artless-spoken girl of about eighteen. "It's an awful mystery," she said as she showed the reporter into the room where her aunt lay.

Dr. Sheppard, who made the post-mortem examination, said that the poison in the beer was, without doubt, strychnine, but he judged only from the general description of its swift action and the bitter taste, which the remainder of the beer possessed. He was puzzled to explain how Mrs. Hubbard could tell with so much promptness that she was poisoned.

He thought that it would have taken an expert to have determined so speedily that the beer contained poison. She, however, seemed to decide at once, after she had swallowed the lager, that she had been poisoned, and this gave ground for the suspicion that she might have poisoned herself. The expressions that Dr. Sheppard heard were, he said, all in opposition to the supposition that Stryker had put poison in the beer.

The Body Snatchers.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., June 16.—Crowds congregated on street corners and in front of the news depot on yesterday and discussed the latest phase of the Devin body-snatching case. When Colonel Snelbaker, of Cincinnati, partially identified the body found in the dead-room beneath the College building on Wednesday evening as that of August Devin, whose grave was robbed at North Bend, O., Demonstrator Herdman denied point blank that any body had been received from that vicinity in a week, and said consequently that there must be a great mistake somewhere, and that the body claimed could not be that of Devin, but since the identification by the brother, B. F. Devin, citizens here are unable to reconcile this fact with the previous statement made by the doctor. The feeling was intense on yesterday when it became generally known that parties at the college had refused to comply with the demand to deliver up the body to friends after it had been sworn to as that of Devin and the one which they were in search of. When Dr. Dunster, one of the professors in the college, heard of this he immediately called at the residence of Demonstrator Herdman and informed him that to make all due haste in delivering up the body was what he should do, and it was the duty of the faculty to extend to the friends of the young man every possible assistance necessary. It would be proper to state here that the body was held for \$30 by those who aided Devin and Eaton and which sum was demanded for payment of services rendered. Dr. Dunster further stated that all the expenses should be borne by the university sooner than cause any further trouble. After the consultation Herdman immediately sent an order to B. F. Devin at the Cook House instructing old Negley and those medics who held the body to deliver it to Devin without any interference or expense whatever at once. Negley is the man who for over twenty-five years has occupied the position of janitor, and a more humble-looking specimen of humanity it would be hard to find. He is a German, and from his long connection with the medical college in handling stuffs, is very properly called the ghoul. He it was, when the search was first made on Wednesday evening, who so ruthlessly handled the bodies, but for some unaccountable reason two medical students were delegated this time to take them from the vat, and Negley did not make his appearance. Devin and Eaton say that Ben Harrison will not leave one stone unturned to bring to justice the desecrators of Devin's grave. The friends of the deceased left this afternoon with the body for Cincinnati.

LONGLEY'S LAST.

The Notorious Texas Desperado and Incurable Man-Slayer Whiles Away the Hours by Writing Braggadoos to his Friends.

HOUSTON, Texas, June 18.—As the execution of the notorious Texas desperado and assassin, William P. Longley, approaches public interest in that criminal and murderer increases.

The condemned murderer still languishes in the gloomy confines of Galveston jail, awaiting the final and closing scene of his bloody life on the gallows, which will not occur till after the District Court of Lee County, in August. Bill endeavors to while away the time, and the months that intervene, by writing letters to the few friends now left him, reading newspapers and cogitating over basketfuls of pious tracts furnished him by the Y. M. C. A., of Galveston, who have earnestly endeavored to convert Bill and save him from the clutches of the devil, but hitherto without any apparent success. The man-killer, in his own language, remains "The same old rattling Bill." Longley is down on newspaper men, and says they have lied about him. He is particularly severe on the editors and reporters of the Galveston Daily News, who, he says, are

A LOT OF COMARDS.

Longley's last letter to an old friend in East Texas is of a piece with former letters of the desperado published from time to time:

"GALVESTON JAIL, May 23, 1878.—Captain Milton Maat: DEAR SIR—I received your kind letter and was glad to hear from you, and, as I still languish on Time's side of eternity, I will scratch you a few lines to-day. Well, Captain, I am in the best of health, and I expect I am in better spirits than you or any one think I am, notwithstanding my would-be dreadful doom, that is if I was inclined to make it dreadful. I am not going to die until my time comes.

"Them fellows in Lee county are so afraid they will not get to see me hung that they have been writing letters down here to the sheriff begging him not to let me receive any letters from my poor old father and mother, for fear the letters might be saturated with poison. That looks mighty hard, that they would try to cut me off entirely, and not even allow me to get a letter from home, after telling my poor old gray-headed father that they would kill him if he came to see me or assisted me in getting a lawyer.

"Then they wrote a long letter and had it published in the Galveston News, saying in it that my father was glad that I was condemned, and that that was the reason he never came near me or assisted me in getting a lawyer. Colonel Belo, the editor of the Galveston News, will publish anything in the world against me that any one writes, but he will not publish my side of the story. He published one letter for me, but as soon as he found I had no friends he would listen to nothing I would say no more. The Galveston News

ALWAYS POUNCES ON THE BOTTOM DOG.

"Now, Captain, it does seem to me that them fellows in Lee county ought to be satisfied with taking my life without tormenting me what few days I have got to live. If I had done anything in my life worthy of being treated the way that they have treated me, I would not say one word about it, and then, if they had give me only a dog's showing when they tried me, I would die without a word.

"But it hurts me to have to die at the hands of a mob under the pretense of hanging one by law. It is not death that I dread at all, but it is the thoughts of having to die without a trial, and then, afterwards, they will say that I had a fair and impartial trial. They say that I have killed men without giving them a trial. So I have, too, but I done it alone; I never had 200 or 300 men to help me, and then I thought law was framed for the purpose of giving every one a fair showing. But in my case they have only used law in the shape of a Kangaroo Court—just to satisfy their vengeance. I know I have done wrong, but, then, we all do wrong; we are all mortal beings and liable to sin; none are saints; but all must

STAND BEFORE GOD AS SINNERS.

There is no difference.

"Well, Captain, it is getting dark, and I must come to a close. But you know you told me in your last letter that there were some people in your county that sympathized with me, and that they would sign a petition to the Governor to get my sentence commuted to lifetime in prison. Of course that would be preferable to death, but, sir, it would be no use, for there is so many against me, and then it is about election time, too. So, I don't think it worth while. But, Captain, I am truly thankful and under many obligations to the good people of your county, who would be willing to show me that much mercy, and you must tell them that I thank them and will never forget them while I live, though that is not long.

"They have set the 4th day of October for the execution. Captain, you must write to me; this may be the last letter that I will write to you. But I guess we will all meet at the latter's

shop when Gabriel blows his horn. So, no more; write soon. I am, your friend,
"W. P. LONGLEY.

"P. S.—Now, Captain, they are

TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT POISON.

I will tell you this: That if nothing will save me from the gallows but poison, you may bet your life that I will hang, sure; for you bet I will never be the murderer of Bill Longley—no, never."

It may be added that the general sentiment in Texas is that William P. Longley, "the man who, according to his own confession, killed and murdered thirty-two men within a career of five years—some in Texas, some Arkansas, others in the Northwest—has had a fair trial by good and impartial citizens, and that it is necessary, in justice to the dead and for the protection of the living, that he should die and expiate the many cowardly murders by him perpetrated. Upon his skirts is some of the best blood of Texas, which cries aloud for justice. It is understood that every effort will be made to keep Longley from procuring poison and thus cheating the Texas gallows of another choice piece of fruit. Sheriff and jailers now keep a close watch on visitors and even preachers and pious persons who come to sing and pray with the murderer.

More Ministerial Misdeeds.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 18.—Rev. Mr. Jones, the Baptist minister of Butler, who was arrested some time ago upon the eve of sailing for Europe, for alleged financial irregularities succeeded in getting more people than himself into trouble. Rev. R. W. Pearson, D. D., the pastor of the most aristocratic Baptist Church of this city, and Mr. G. J. Bensinger, a former clergyman of the Baptist denomination, but now an insurance man, and member of Dr. Pearson's church, were arrested this evening by Sheriff Mitchell, of Butler, upon the complaint of R. B. Osborn, of that place, the specific charge being that of conspiring together to cheat and defraud. Dr. Pearson appeared before Mayor Liddell and furnished bail in the sum of \$1,000 for his appearance before the Butler County Court to answer the charge. Mr. Bensinger, not being able to furnish bail, was locked up and will be taken to Butler this morning.

Dr. Pearson, who was interviewed to-night, said that he knew of no possible way by which his name had been brought into connection with the affair, other than the mere fact of Mr. Bensinger being one of his parishioners. He denied in the most explicit manner having ever had any business transactions of any character whatever with any of the parties named, either as to making, indorsing, signing or in any other way being a party to any note or other instrument. Mr. Bensinger said that some time ago Rev. Jones had come to him asking him to make a note for \$50, representing that the Baptist church in Butler was greatly in need of that amount to pay off a heavy debt that had been contracted. He said that Mr. Osborn, the leading member of the church, and a prominent oil operator, had agreed to indorse the note if he could have some Pittsburgh man to sign it. This, Mr. Bensinger says, he was foolish enough to do. After Jones had skipped, Mr. B. learned, he says, that the story told him was entirely untruthful, but that as soon as he had procured the note, Jones went to Osborn, with whom he had not previously consulted, and stated that he had been to Pittsburgh and sold a house to a brother minister, Mr. Bensinger, for \$750, for which he had taken his note; that he needed money greatly and could get the note cashed with Mr. Osborn's indorsement, could he obtain it? He could and did. Soon afterward Jones departed. As the suspicious circumstances began to develop, Bensinger says he saw how he had been beaten and at once became one of the most prominent of those who were endeavoring to bring back the guilty man. The success with which those efforts met was due, he believed, as much to him as any one. Now, in retaliation, Jones, he infers, had made some statement tending to show that he (Bensinger) was his partner in guilt.

Lynching in Prospect for a Rapiat.

OSGOOD, Ind., June 18.—A large and excited crowd were present in Versailles to-day at the preliminary examination of Tom Boyd, charged with having attempted to commit a rape upon Miss Matilda Stephens some three weeks ago. When arrested in St. Louis he denied being the man, which denial he has so frequently repeated that in spite of his having served a ten years' term for the same offense, some people were inclined to think that Miss Stephens would be unable to identify him. Boyd was placed in a large crowd in the court house, and Miss Stephens was called in and asked if the man who assaulted her was present. After glancing around, her eyes fell upon Boyd, whom she quickly pointed out as the man, thus settling all doubt as to his guilt in the minds of citizens who before were inclined to think him innocent. He was bound over in the sum of \$1,000 for his appearance at court, which not being forthcoming, he was remanded to jail to await his sentence or the tender mercies of a Vigilance Committee, but from the expressions used to-day it will probably be the latter.

RAVISHERS ROPED.

Two Tramps, Accused of a Brutal Outrage on an Estimable Lady, Are Taken Out of Jail and Hanged by Lynchers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 20.—It was rumored at Springfield yesterday afternoon that a mob would come from Mitchell, thirty-five miles distant, and lynch Sadler and Pearson, who are charged with having, on the 16th of May, outraged the person of an estimable lady, named Groves. Little credence was given to the rumor. The jailer was in the country until 8 in the evening. At 1 o'clock this morning the clatter of horses' feet was heard on the road from Mitchell and seventy-five armed horsemen appeared in Springfield, and threw out pickets

TO PREVENT AN ALARM.

An attempt to give warning to the citizens and the jail was thwarted. The citizens who attempted to interfere were told to keep their distance, the lynchers saying, "We have undertaken this job and don't need any of your damned help." No masks were worn, but no one was permitted to approach near enough to recognize the faces of any in the mob. They went to the jailer's dwelling and told him they wanted Sadler and Pearson. The jailer attempted to frighten them with the assertion that he recognized them, when they cursed him and told him that he was a damned liar, and that if he didn't open his door they would break them down and kill him beside. He still refused, when they sent a sledge hammer crashing through the panels,

GAINING THEREBY AN ENTRANCE.

They forced him to give up the keys, and told him to go with them and show them the prisoners, which he stubbornly refused to do. They, however, secured them; Pearson in most beseeching tones appealing to the jailer to protect him. They dragged the prisoners outside, placing them on horseback.

The lynchers rode rapidly away from the town to a point three miles distant, where they swung both the men, with an old greasy plough line, to a small limb of a tree two feet apart, with their feet almost touching the ground, showing that they had evidently been held up while the nooses were adjusted, the ropes barely having

STRENGTH ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM.

The mob waited until the prisoners had been strangled to death and then departed for Mitchell. A multitude of people rushed out from Springfield as soon the whereabouts of the dead men had become known, in vehicles and on foot to see them. The men were cut down, a coroner's inquest was held, resulting in a verdict of "Death from the hands of unknown persons." They were buried in the same grave, underneath the limb of the tree upon which they were hanged.

The prisoners had been removed from Nashville jail last Saturday, where they had been imprisoned to prevent their being lynched, to



CAPTAIN SAMUEL T. ADAMS, CITY MARSHAL AND CHIEF OF POLICE OF BOWLING GREEN, KY.—SEE PAGE 3.

Springfield, at which place their trials were to take place at the next term of the court.

A Natural Born Tramp.

A genuine tramp is now an inmate of a Missouri poor house. He was a doctor at one time of his life, but tired of his profession he ceased practice. Then his wife worked for him until she worked herself to death, and then he tramped. Believing that work wasn't healthy, he had resolved never to work any more. His mind was fully made up on that subject. He did not want to steal, and he had to live. A poor house was what he was looking for. The poor house keepers told him that if he stayed there he would have to work. He thought not. No more work for him under any circumstances. They put him in a dark cell for twenty-four

hours to bring him to a sense of his loneliness and isolation, feeding him moderately. They piled him with the labor question; wouldn't work. They shut him up for twenty-four hours more. His determination remained unaltered. Ten days passed, and he still refused to work. Doctors were called in, and they found the man serene, perfectly healthy in mind and body, and he moreover proved himself a physician by answering correctly all the professional questions put to him. He was a stumper. They had never before met a case of laziness where forty-eight hours of enforced idleness and darkness and silence would not bring a reaction. They took him out and put a hoe in his hand. He dropped the hoe. They tried to make him follow a plow. He dropped in the furrow. So they turned him loose among the other paupers, and

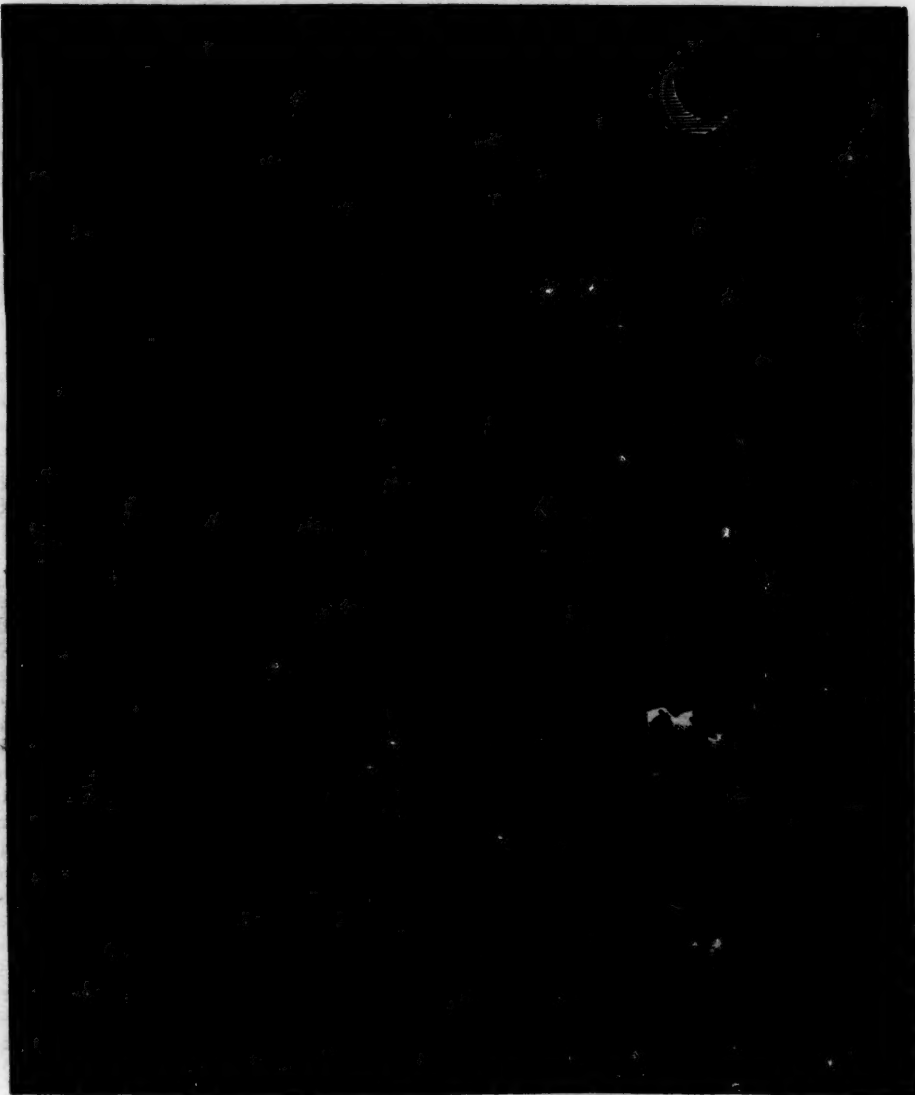
find him useful in lecturing them on morals and giving them good advice. So he has his uses, after all.

Penitentiary Crookedness.

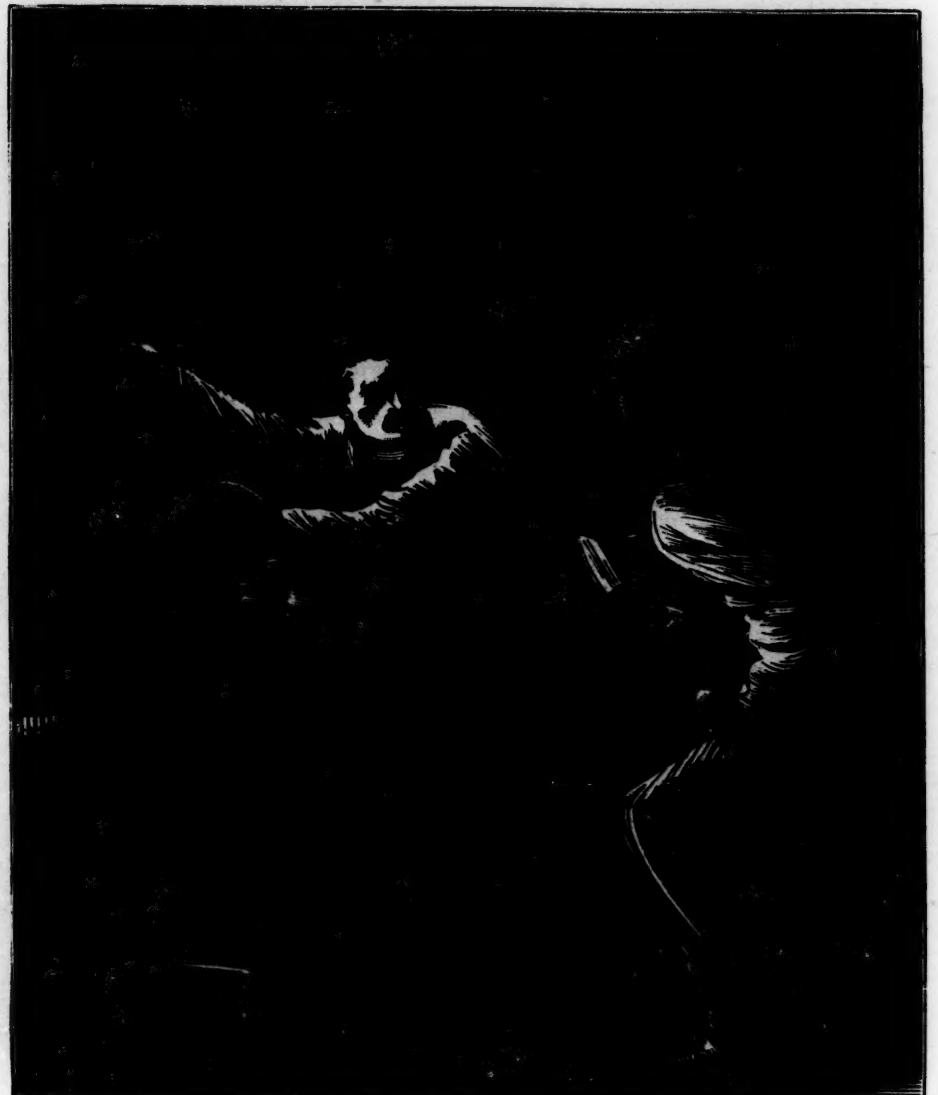
DES MOINES, Iowa, June 16.—The Madison penitentiary committee presented their report to the Governor yesterday, which says that S. H. Craig, Warden of the penitentiary, has connived with divers persons in defrauding the state. He has purchased all the supplies, except beef, without making contracts, year after year, from the same parties, who fixed their own prices from 20 to 100 per cent. above the usual retail rate. Thousands of dollars have been paid by the state for merchandise never delivered and for repairs never made. Craig made private contracts whereby the state lost large sums of money, not less than half of which went into Craig's pockets. He connived with dealers to include private accounts of his own, and the families of his clerk and deputy in the state account, all of which the state paid, and he sent large quantities of goods to his farm, where he kept a large number of horses and cows, and 150 hogs, at the expense of the state. He sold several lots of lard and grease, valued at \$8,000, which he pocketed. He connived with Brown & Moore, by which the state was defrauded of \$2,000 on striped goods, never delivered; and with Munger & Co., by which the state lost nearly \$7,000 in striped goods and blankets. There are other equally as great frauds. The commissioners say their report gives but a glimpse of the frauds of Craig. His deputy, Reynolds, and his clerk, Smith, as witnesses, have destroyed his books or fled the country with them. Four months after Craig took the office he inaugurated a system of larceny and fraud, and continued it to the day he was deposed.

Audacious Outrage.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 16.—A Swede forty-eight years old, named John Olson, was brought into the city this morning by Peter Nelson, a farmer living near Lake Phalen, three miles from this city, charged with perpetrating a rape upon his daughter, Johannah Nelson, only thirteen years of age. It appears that Olson, working on the farm of Peter Nelson, returned home on Saturday night drunk, and going to the room where three of Nelson's children were sleeping in one bed, Johannah being the eldest, disrobed himself, got into bed with them, and committed the deed, stifling the cries of the child by covering her mouth with his hand. In the struggle, however, sufficient noise was made to alarm the mother and father, who hastened to the room, dragged Olson from the bed, and, keeping guard over him during the night, brought him into the city this morning and delivered him over to the police. Olson disclaims all knowledge of the deed, but says he had been drinking alcohol heavily. The parents persist that the child was violated, but the medical examination ordered by the authorities, failed to find convincing evidence of the outrage.



ATTEMPTED MURDER OF JAMES ABBOTT BY EXPRESS ROBBERS, GOLCONDA, ILL.—SEE PAGE 5.



FREDERICK GRINNELL'S MURDEROUS MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON HIS SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, NEAR ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 6.

More Crime by Tramps.

[Subject of Illustration.]
HARRISBURG, Pa., June 19.—John, Isaac and Peter Hawn, bachelor brothers, whose ages range from sixty to sixty-five, were attacked in their own house, six miles from Huntingdon, this afternoon by two tramps and beaten unmercifully. John and Isaac were rendered unconscious and the latter is considered beyond recovery. The tramps, after this murderous work, knocked down the housekeeper, one of them holding her, while the other ransacked the house. They carried away with them bonds to the amount of \$4,000, \$84 in money and other valuables. Upon an alarm being given they were pursued, but turned and fired upon their pursuers, one of whom received a bullet through his clothing. The chase was then given up, but now the entire neighborhood is aroused, and the woods are being scoured in search of miscreants.

Fight with the Texas Train Robbers.

[Subject of Illustration.]
HOUSTON, Texas, June 15.—The Rangers under June Peake came up with Tom Bass and the train robber gang. A fight ensued and two robbers were killed. The balance fled to the mountains of Wise county, leaving their horses in the hands of the rangers.

Fatal Result of a Dance Row.

St. Louis, Mo., June 18.—Polk Kentoh, forty years old, died on Saturday morning of meningitis, the result of blows inflicted by a man named Thomas Morris, alias "Frenchy." The facts of the case appear to be as follows:

One week ago Saturday evening a ball was given at the corner of Broadway and Deshran streets. It was at the house of some one who, judging from the character of the guests, is not extremely high in the social grade. Among the number were Tom Morris and Polk Kentoh. Although the latter was a married man, having a wife and three children, he came alone, and before the festivities were far advanced began

paying marked attention to one of the young women present. Unfortunately for Polk, as later developments have shown, Tom Morris had taken a fancy to the same woman. There was not enough of her for both men, and, to settle the question as to which one should abandon the field, they took the means usually adopted by persons in such cases when filled with drinks. So far as could be learned, there was no verbal agreement to anything of this kind, but by mutual consent, when the two men found themselves, with several others, in a lumber yard adjoining the house, they began to fight. Blows were exchanged only a few times, when Morris, having felled his antagonist to the ground, went back into the house. He was followed soon after by Kentoh, who had been but partially stunned, and in a short time the ball broke up. Kentoh returned to his home, at the foot of Ferry street. The next morning, having sobered up and washed the blood from his head, he went to work as usual, carrying on his scalp,

however, one or two bad-looking cuts as a reminder of his night's dissipation. Morris, who is a deck-hand on the steamer Wetmore, left with her the next day for Minnesota, and, unless he reads the papers of this date, will return in about two weeks. Kentoh did not report the matter to the police, nor express any desire to have Morris arrested. His work has been mostly in lumber yards and on rafts, and at this he applied himself after the mias till last Thursday, when inflammation of the brain membranes set in. As is seen, death claimed him Saturday morning and made Tom Morris a prospective fugitive from the law.

From the incomplete statements of witnesses, thus far, it is impossible to tell whether Morris struck the other man with a rock or club, or, in fact, anything but his fist. The appearance of the wounds, however, would indicate that a rock had been used.

Morris is an unmarried man, and, like Kentoh, a hard drinker and a hard case. The latter pro-

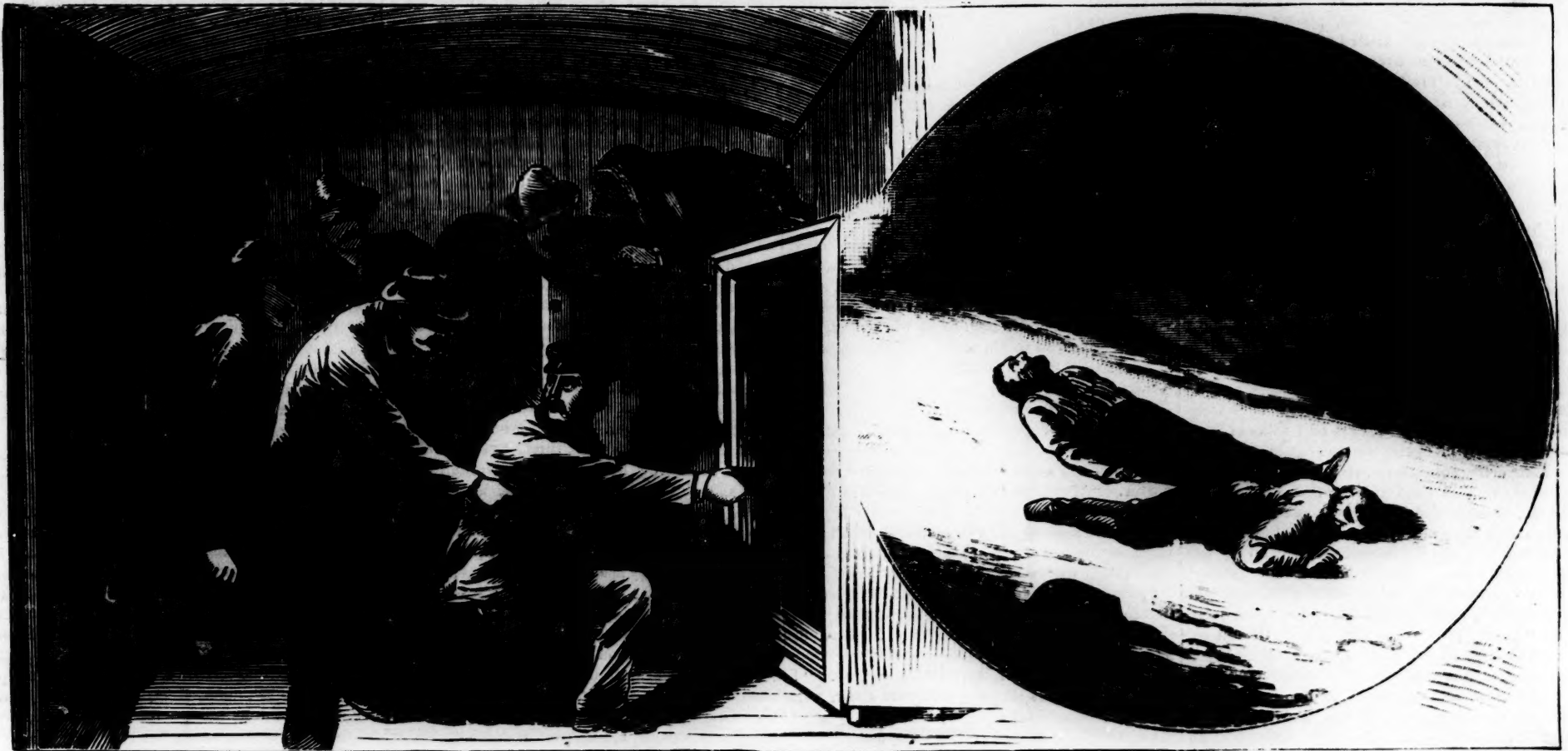
make no defense, but started to run. She followed him up, still continuing the castigation, until he rushed into Kline's jewelry store, whither she followed him, but was pulled off by Mr. Kline.

An Unselfish Couple.

Mrs. Emily Mulligan, the wife of Patrick Mulligan, captain of the ice barge Jersey, lying in the North river, at the foot of Perry street, while walking on the upper deck of the barge, on the night of the 18th, lost her balance and fell overboard. Her husband immediately jumped into the river and tried to save his wife, but, being unable to swim, he, together with his wife, would undoubtedly have been drowned had not Moundman Bush and Officer Conklin, of the Ninth precinct, heard their cries and hurried to their rescue. As the officers were about to grasp hold of Mrs. Mulligan she cried, "Don't save me; save my husband first!" Both were rescued and cared for.



ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE HAWN BROTHERS BY TWO TRAMPS, NEAR HUNTINGDON, PA.



THE TEXAS TRAIN ROBBERS—THE BODIES OF TWO MEMBERS OF THE BASS GANG LYING ON THE HILLSIDE, AS A RESULT OF AN INTERVIEW WITH JUNE PEAKE'S RANGERS, WISE COUNTY, TEXAS.

vided poorly for his wife and little ones, who are left in rather distressing circumstances.

An Editor Whipped by a Woman.

[Subject of Illustration.]
MUNCIE, Ind., June 17.—Our city was thrown into great excitement on Friday afternoon by the public horse-whipping of Mr. N. F. Ethall, editor of the Muncie News, by Mrs. Palk, wife of Mr. Robert Palk. The horse-whipping was on account of an article published in Tuesday's News, which, it is averred, reflected on Mrs. Palk. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Palk and her husband entered Gift's shoe store, across the street from the News office, and while Mr. Palk engaged the proprietor in conversation Mrs. Palk sent to Ethall, requesting him to come to the store. He did so, when she handed him a copy of the paper, telling him to read the item. Then she threw a quantity of red pepper in his face, and attacked him with the horsewhip, raining her blows fast and furious on his head. He, taken by surprise and blinded by the pepper, could

SICKLY SENTIMENTALITY.

How the Chicago Thugs, Sherry and Connolly, were Converted into Heroes by a Gang of

ADDLE-PATED FEMALES.

Who Held Daily Levees in the Cells of the Bloody-Minded Cut-Throats and Consoled Them With

KISSES AND OTHER LUXURIES.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—"The strong rope of fate" is being rapidly twisted for the neck of George Sherry and Jeremiah Connolly, respectively. As the fatal Friday of this week approaches, public interest begins to concentrate on the two unfortunate criminals over whom the appalling shadows of death are gathering with the ominous blackness of a cyclone. A few months are nearly always sufficient to dim, if not expel, the memory of some frightful murder in the mind of the average Chicagoan, male and female. When the crime is narrated, public indignation rises to a fever heat, and lynch law is talked of with a certain degree of respect. The prisoner gets into the hands of the police, who protect him from violence. The coroner's jury recommend that he be held for murder, to answer, without bail, before the criminal court. The formal trial comes on by, at best, slow degrees. A verdict of guilty is found, and sentence of death is passed in due form. For a few weeks or months, as the case may be, the whole affair is allowed to

SINK INTO COMPARATIVE OBLIVION.

Suddenly, as it would seem, the public, through the newspapers, become conscious that the day of execution is drawing excitingly near. Among a certain class of both sexes the sensation of the thing destroys the memory of the crime for which the criminal is justly doomed to suffer. In view of the approach of death a false sentimentality, especially among women, takes the place of aversion, and by some infernally illogical conclusions of the female mind, temporarily warped, the unnatural slayer of his fellow-man is transformed into a romantic hero! No matter how unprovoked the murder—no matter how repulsive in person, bearing, and language the murderer—no matter that any connection with him other than legal or official cannot fail to be more or less contaminating and disgraceful—still there are women who temporarily worship such men and even sigh to occupy an irregularly

TENDER RELATION TOWARD THEM.

All this is preliminary to a statement of facts, which is that the two ignorant and blood-stained young men, Sherry and Connolly, have been for some days objects of affectionate, more than affectionate, attention from a great many women who would, perhaps, bring suit for libel if a doubt, naming them, were expressed of their virtue. Yet "tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Jailer Currier, General Rodman, his clerk, Matt Franzen, John Connolly, and all the employees about the jail, together with the condemned men themselves, can bear testimony that, for two or three weeks, Sherry and Connolly have been daily visited and tenderly consoled with by on an average, perhaps, a score of women. Some brought cigars, some chewing tobacco, some fine-tooth combs, some fine linen, handkerchiefs, and stockings, some books which one, at least, of the prisoners could read, and some—

KISSES THROUGH THE BARS.

The latter osculatory exercise has been checked by the jail officers, whose morals have been shocked by such exhibitions of female insanity.

Matt Franzen, who had not blushed for twenty years, turned a rosy red yesterday when the cherry-ripe lips of an attractive damsel were pouted through the cold iron of the cage toward Sherry, who was, however, beyond reach of this most tempting bait. Jailer Currier was so shocked that his appetite deserted him, and he has lost ten pounds in consequence. John Connolly thinks his soul in danger and talks of hermits and holy men who wore so closely confined in their cells, voluntarily, that the women could not get at them. He relates the story of St. Kevin, who pitched a young woman named Kathleen into a lake and drowned her, because the infatuated female followed Kevin, "who wanted to make his soul in peace" into the mountains of Wicklow. Well, John thinks if Kevin had to deal with the Chicago women he would never have had "Saint" prefixed to his name. Of course, in all this, some allowances must be made for Mr. Connolly's prejudices.

It is, however, a fact, well authenticated, that women—not strumpets in the general acceptance of that term—have actually proposed to go into the cells with the guilty wretches, kept close

UNDER THE WATCHES OF THE LAW.

To a Times reporter General Rodman said positively that women who would generally be

called respectable, even married women, were willing to do as stated.

"There comes one now," said the General, as a buxom young woman, with handsome black eyes and hair, clad in a dress of dark material, a modest hat and a Paisley shawl, approached. "Cigars for Sherry and Connolly," said she sweetly, handing one of the sub-jailers a small package. She did not look like an immoral woman, and might easily have passed for the wife of some respectable householder.

"That is only a small specimen," remarked one of the officials. "They keep coming in all the time during visiting hours. It is, sometimes, an awful nuisance."

"Do many of the regular courtesans come here to see the criminals?" inquired the reporter. "Comparatively few. Most of the women who come here are what you, and most people, would call decent and intelligent."

The reporter next entered "the cage" with a lawyer, and the two condemned men were allowed to come down and talk the situation over.

Sherry came in his shirt-sleeves, looking

CHEERFUL AND HEALTHY.

Only for an uncertain cast in his eyes, which are somewhat deep-set, he might be called good-looking. His color was good, and there was no sign of tremor about him. He smoked a cigar of excellent aroma, and took a seat with the air of a man who occupies a prominent position in life.

Connolly wore his coat with the rest of his garments, and smoked also. He did not appear quite as cool as his companion in misfortune, but manifested no particular fear. His eyes were rather restless, and he spoke with more rapidity and less brogue than is common with him.

"Well, Sherry, things look rather dark for you," said the reporter.

"That's true," said he. "It is a serious business. I never dreamt I'd come to it."

"Were you ever in trouble before?"

"Never—I never injured anyone. I did not touch McConville, good or bad, that night. They might as well pick up a man from the street and hang him for the killing as me."

"You seem to talk as if I did it all," remarked Connolly, gloomily.

Sherry made no reply.

"Do you feel much terror of your approaching doom, Sherry?"

"Well, I

"DON'T FEEL AS IF I WAS GOING TO A CIRCUS." "But if the worst comes to the worst, I hope to brace myself up and meet it the best I can."

"Have you much hope of a supersedeas or respite?"

"I don't hardly think as that the Governor or the judges will let me hang without looking into my case, if I should get a new trial, I don't think another jury would find me guilty."

"What do you think, Connolly?"

"Well, I feel bad, or coorse, but I ain't any coward I hope, when the time come, if it does. I'd like, anyways, to have twenty or thirty days to prepare to meet God in. It wasn't I that struck that man."

Here Sherry grinned sarcastically, and, turning to the reporter, asked him what book he had in his hand.

"Coroner Dietzsch's report," was the reply.

"Is there anything in it about us?"

"I think not; there may be, in a general way."

"Is there anything about murder, hanging, and the like?"

"You can have the book, Sherry," said the reporter.

Sherry took the report with a grin.

"You have seen people hanged, haven't you?" inquired Sherry.

"Yes," answered the reporter.

"I wonder does it hurt much," said Sherry, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"That

"DEPENDS ON HOW IT IS DONE."

Connolly was, by this time, all ears and eyes.

"If 'tis well done it don't hurt much?" asked Sherry.

"I should judge not," replied the reporter. "I have seen a dozen men or so worked off and they all appeared to die easily. Thinking of it is worse than death itself."

"By gor, that's true," said Connolly. "That is the worst of it, sure enough."

"They don't feel much after they fall, I guess?" pursued Sherry.

"Not much, I should think," answered the reporter. "Were you ever struck senseless?"

"Yes," said Sherry. "I was thrown from a horse once and 'dead' two hours. I didn't hear anything, or feel or see anything. If hanging be like that, it will be easy enough."

Connolly did not appear to relish this piece of natural philosophy, for he laughed uneasily and said: "Faith, I'd rather not thry it, hard or aisy."

"No more would I," remarked Sherry. "I have strong hopes that the Supreme Court will give me a chance for my life; and if they give me a show, they'll give you one too, Jerry."

This assertion appeared to

CHEER THE UNHAPPY CONNOLLY.

"I would be all right anyway, but for the hereafter," said he.

"Well, Father Dowling will see us all right through that," said Sherry. "He comes to us all the time and gives us good advice. Still, I'd like to have more time to prepare for the other world, if I've got to die."

"You both think you can go through the hanging without flinching if it occurs next Friday?" inquired the reporter.

"Well, that's a purty hard question to answer," said Sherry.

"You're right it is," said Connolly.

"Tain't no circus, is it?" said Sherry.

"Not much—it's mighty sayrious, so it is," remarked Connolly.

"I wish it was ended one way or the other," commented Sherry.

"Time enough to a bad market," philosophically observed Connolly. "It's little I thought the day I left Bantry that 'tis hung in America I'd be."

"Well, we must make the best of it now," said Sherry.

"Bad luck to whisky," and with this pious remark the condemned left the cage, as their spiritual consoler had called to see them.

A Fight on the Celer Line.

A very serious stabbing affray, from the results of which it is feared that one man will not recover, occurred on the 18th inst., on the steamer State of New York, while she was on the Sound on her regular trip to this city. The combatants were all deck hands; two of them, William Thompson and William Powell, negroes, and the other two, John Mulligan and John O'Neil, white. The negroes are the only sufferers. Powell received a terrible gash, eight inches in length, extending from the back of the neck to the right eye, laying open the entire cheek, and a severe stab wound in the left side. These wounds he says he received from John O'Neil.

William Thompson, who was attacked by John Mulligan, is still more severely injured. He is wounded in the arm, the breast and the back, and is so low that his life is despaired of.

Powell states that the assault was entirely unprovoked by either himself or Thompson. He says that the steward having gone to bed the two went into the barroom, and, seating themselves at a small table, began to play cards to pass away the time. While they were so engaged Mulligan and O'Neil came in and requested to be allowed to take a hand with them. Mulligan then proposed a game of "poker," but Powell answered that they were not rich enough to play for money. Some angry words followed on both sides and culminated in a desperate fight, during which Mulligan and O'Neil drew knives and stabbed their opponents in the way above described. The noise of the scuffle attracted the attention of the officers, and all four men placed under arrest, the wounds of the negroes being dressed as well as circumstances allowed. The boat arrived at her pier at 6 o'clock in the morning, when the police were notified. Thompson and Powell were taken to the hospital, where Thompson remains in a dangerous condition. When Powell's wounds were dressed he was allowed to go with the officers.

Mulligan and O'Neil were taken before Judge Morgan, at the Tombs, but refused to make any statement. O'Neil was held in \$2,000 for stabbing Powell, and Mulligan was remanded without bail to await the result of Thompson's injuries.

Daring Jail Delivery.

KEOKUK, Iowa, June 16.—The most daring jail delivery ever attempted here was effected about 9 o'clock to-night, by the prisoners confined in the jail. At the time mentioned Sheriff Higgins was looking up the prisoners. He had one assistant, who was on the outside of the door. The prisoners, eight in number, were in the cage, where they are kept during the day, and as the sheriff stepped to the rear to unlock the door leading to the cells, the prisoners stepped out of the door he had entered and locked them in. There they attracted the attention of the arsenal at the outside door and by making a break in a body succeeded in escaping. Two of them were recaptured, one being knocked down in the yard by the assistant and the other caught as he was going out of the door. The six who escaped are Sam Cummins, a cattle thief, five feet eight inches in height, heavy dark brown hair, eyes gray and well sunken in the head, heavy mustache, dyed, as are his eyebrows, broad chin, a red scar on the back of his neck; Dan Leech, burglar, five feet nine inches in height, square shoulders, not very fleshy, sharp features, Roman nose, small mouth, dark brown hair; Tom Lyons, (colored) burglar, copper color, about five feet nine inches in height, very heavy set, and very fleshy face; Napoleon Wheatter, burglar, five feet eight inches in height, slim built, round shouldered, very heavy mustache, dark eyes and heavy dark hair; Bill Sarkman, burglar, five feet nine and a half or ten inches, heavy set, black beard, no mustache, black hair, brown eyes; and a man in for rape, five feet ten inches in height, very slender build, light mustache and hair, gray eyes.

THE CAMDEN MURDER TRIAL.

Efforts to Prove an Alibi—The Defense Closing with the Defendant's Testimony.

CAMDEN, N. J., June 20.—The evidence for Benjamin Hunter, to prove that he is innocent of the foul crime charged against him, is drawing to a close. To-morrow his lawyers will finish their case, Benjamin Hunter, the prisoner, himself being the last witness to be called. So far they have not made a strong defense, and unless more important testimony is offered than any that has been submitted thus far the accused man will not be likely to receive a verdict of acquittal at the hands of the jury.

The defense hope to secure a disagreement, and one of the lawyers for Hunter is reported to have said that four of the jurymen were "all right."

As to the alibi, Washington L. Young, testified that he was a conductor on the Tenth and Eleventh street cars, Philadelphia. It became apparent that he was the first witness to prove the alibi, and his evidence was listened to with breathless interest. He said:

I saw Mr. Hunter in my car going down Tenth street on the evening of January 23 last; he got on at either Columbia avenue, Oxford or Jefferson street, and stood on the platform; I have known him for four or five years; I know where he lived; I said to him when he got on, "Hallo, ain't you lost away up here?" he said, "Oh, I had business up here;" I had left the depot at 7:21; we call it our amusement trip because the people go to theatres during that trip; I was due at Master street at 7:31; he remained outside, talking to me until we reached Parish street, where he went inside and sat down; when we reached Wharton street it was 8 o'clock; that is the time we are due; we run on a regular schedule of time; I am positive that Mr. Hunter was the man; he got off at his own house, just below Wharton, and bid me good-night.

Mr. Jenkins' cross-examination was searching. Witness answered that he made ten trips every day; could not recollect the name of any other passenger that he saw that trip, that day, the day before or the week before; came over to see Mr. Hunter about a month after the murder; Hunter did not offer him any money, nor any one else; came over because it was his duty; did not recollect seeing Hunter the day before in his car; Mr. Hunter was the only person he remembered on that trip.

Martin Royer, a clerk with Potts & Co., iron dealers, testified on the same point to the effect that he had known Hunter for eighteen years and that on the night of January 23, he went home on Young's car, getting in near Market street; that it was about half-past seven o'clock, not more than a quarter of an hour either way; that he saw Hunter getting on the other side of the car forward, and distinctly remembered seeing him get out at Wharton street. He fixed the night by reason of having worked late that night.

A Card for Kehoe.

A. Campbell, S. A. Garrett and John W. Ryan, attorneys for Jack Kehoe, Mollie Maguire now in the Pottsville jail under sentence of death for the murder of F. S. Langdon, are out in a card to the public, in which they refer to the newspaper discussion in progress concerning Kehoe, politics and Governor Hartranft's alleged neglect to fix a day for Kehoe's execution. They say: "This is not a question before the Board of Pardons as to what other crimes Kehoe may be guilty of, but whether the evidence and facts in this case were sufficient to warrant his conviction for the murder of Langdon. The case is now before the proper tribunal for final decision and we ask no more than simple justice when we request that it be left there for final adjudication, and that the Board be allowed all the time they desire for consideration, without being interfered with by newspaper controversy. No political influence has been brought to bear or attempted to be brought to bear upon any person in authority to do anything in Kehoe's behalf, and we believe that the people of the state know Governor Hartranft too well by this time to believe that he would be influenced by any improper motives in this or any other case."

Kerrigan the "Squealer."

Pottsville Courier: "I suppose ye don't know me, Jimmie! Well, I'll tell ye who I be. Me name is Mrs. Jane Mary McMallory, and I knew Jimmie Carroll and Hughey McGeehan, who ye lied onto the gallows, so ye did. D'ye hear that, ye akunk. Ah, Jimmie, ye ought to have been hung too, only in a way there'd be nothin' left of ye, for ye be a bigger rascal than all who were hung. And I'd help to pull ye up so I would. Kerrigan, if Mrs. McMallory had her way she'd pound ye flat into the devil's hands without time to say any prayers."

Thus spoke an aged Irish lady in a red shawl as she met Jimmy Kerrigan on his way to Tamqua per Lehigh and Susquehanna railroad train at Mauch Chunk, Tuesday.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and
Evil Deeds Collected by Gazette
Correspondents in all Quarters.

AT LOCKE, SAYUGA COUNTY, N. Y., on the 16th, Thomas Wilkinson killed his wife and himself.

AT OHAMA, NEB., ON THE 16th, Alfred Early, arrested for post office robbing, confessed his guilt.

IN ROCKPORT, IND., on the 17th, Henry Fisher, colored, was arrested for the rape of a white girl, aged eleven years.

GUS HARRIS, COLORED, United States Deputy Marshal, was killed at Edgefield Court-house, S. C., on the 17th, by Brooker Toney.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD, of London, Canada, shot and killed James Lay, a notorious burglar, while arresting him on the night of the 17th.

BURGARS SECURED PLUNDER to the value of about \$1,000 by blowing open the safe at the post-office at Shelburne Falls, Mass., Tuesday night, 18th inst.

AT ROCHESTER, IND., ON THE 17th, Harry Gill, a young man hailing from Philadelphia, pleaded guilty to the charge of running a gambling house, and was fined \$25 and costs.

THREE BURGARS ATTACKED the house of a farmer named Martin Henry, near Millbrook, Canada, on the night of the 17th. Henry shot and killed one and the others fled.

IN BOSTON, MASS., ON THE evening of the 17th, the police broke up a cock fight in which a party of sports were engaged in Connellman Quinn's pit, arresting thirty-three of them.

AT OHAMA, NEB., ON THE 17th, the coroner's jury in the case of Charles Summers, killed by Marshal Butler, returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, thus exonerating the officer.

THE JURY IN THE CASE OF Deacon Ezra A. Smith, who has been on trial at Middlebury, Vt., several days for poisoning his wife at Vergennes last fall, brought in a verdict of acquittal on the 18th.

JOHN FULLER, A NON-UNION moulder, working at Oshawa, Canada, was shot on the night of the 17th on the street, and seriously wounded. Albert Dowseley, a union man, has been arrested on suspicion.

AT IOWA CITY, IOWA, ON THE 18th, Andrew Shields, on the charge of shooting Policeman Kilma, gave \$500 bonds for his appearance, waiving examination. The officers of the Iowa City Bank gave security.

WHILE A NUMBER of harvesters were asleep on the night of the 17th, in an empty freight car at Edwardsville Crossing, Ill., a party of tramps entered the car and forcibly robbed them of their money.

JAMES HOLLOWELL, the man charged with outraging Mary Hancock, thirteen years of age, on Sunday, June 9, the girl dying from the effects, was captured at a late hour on the night of the 16th and lodged in jail at Brookville, Ind.

AT TERRE HAUTE, IND., some time ago the United States revenue detectives seized the extensive beer brewery of Moses Easter, for alleged frauds in its turns. On the 17th they released it to Mr. Easter, he paying all fines and costs, about \$1,500.

JOHN GRAHAM was fatally stabbed at Charlottesville, Hancock county, Ind., on the night of the 17th by Henry Woods. Both are young men. The trouble originated from an old feud. Woods was brought to Greenfield this morning and lodged in jail.

AT JACKSON, MICH., on the night of the 18th, Peter Flagg was found dead in his room at 11 o'clock. He had apparently been dead ten or twelve hours. He was not known to have been drinking, and the cause of his death is a mystery to be investigated by the coroner.

ANOTHER MEETING of unemployed laborers was held at Montreal, Canada, on the 19th. Two agitators, unconnected with the men, made inflammatory speeches, and were arrested by the police. The crowd was subsequently dispersed by a large body of officers, without any resistance.

GEORGE SPEYER, BOOKKEEPER for Cohn, Sampliner & Co., in Wheeling, W. Va., and Joseph Ruhle, employed as operator by the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, in the same city, absconded on the night of the 17th, both being defaulters to the amount of several hundred dollars.

A CUTTING SCRAPE was indulged in at Hampton, Ky., on the 18th, in which Lewis Mays, white, was stabbed six times in the back and shoulders by Pleasant Overstreet, colored. Overstreet was arrested by the authorities and sent to jail. Mays' wounds are serious, and will probably prove fatal.

AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., on the 18th, the Governor paid to J. H. Black, of Decatur, Ill., the reward of \$200 offered for the arrest of Margaret Hinkle, a doctress who in that city, on March 28, 1878, caused the death of Mary Hiser by procuring an abortion. This woman was arrested in Ann Arbor, Mich.

AT CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., the preliminary trial of William Mount, the man who a few days ago so brutally struck with a hatchet, young Courtney Coehner, resulted on the 18th in a disagreement of the jury. The young man is in a very critical condition, and it is thought that his arm will have to be amputated.

JOHN W. PROCTOR and Bob Hathaway, suspected of having participated in the murder of Miss Cading, in Belmont township, Warren county, last November, have been arrested. Proctor is now in jail in Indianapolis. Sheriff Barnes has gone to Illinois for Hathaway. The evidence is said to be quite strong against them.

ON MONDAY NIGHT, 17th inst., a crowd of roughs in South Boston assaulted John Fahay, a sailor, who was slightly injured, and attempted to flee him, when he stabbed Thomas Ward, aged twenty-six, one of his assailants, fatally, and badly cut the hand of another. Fahay was rescued by the police, who lodged him in jail.

JUDG DAVIDSON, of Fountain county, Ind., telegraphed to Governor Williams on the 19th for troops to assist in suppressing riots among the miners at Coal Creek. A good deal of terrorism exists at the mines. The troops arrived at Covington by special train at 4 o'clock, and proceeded immediately to the mines, where they will remain.

AN ATTEMPT AT train-wrecking was made on the evening of the 17th and again on the morning of the 18th on the Muscatine Western road, about three miles from Muscatine, Iowa, by placing ties and brush on the track at train time. A steep grade and curve mark the place for a railroad tragedy. No clue to the mystery has been discovered.

AT MONTREAL, CANADA, a young lady, only seventeen years of age, of good family in the country, having been

induced to come to the city by her lover, and seduced and then deserted in a house of ill-fame by her betrayer, was rescued on the 17th by the police and returned to her parents. She is entitled to a large fortune, and is very handsome.

ON THE NIGHT OF THE 15th another shooting affair occurred near Terre Haute, Ind., between two young men, Elias Beatty, about twenty years old, while drunk, resisted arrest, drew a revolver and fired at the constable, missed him and badly wounded a young man named Alex. Acton, who was standing near. Beatty was captured and is now in jail.

AT WASHINGTON, OHIO, on the 10th, Jacob Sullivan pleaded guilty to the charge of horse-stealing, and Henry Schultz to stealing \$350, and were sentenced to one year each in the penitentiary by Judge Michael. Schultz, it is said, is from Cincinnati, and stole the money last Christmas. He jumped his bail once and was retaken about two months ago.

THE BODIES OF Herman Allen, Jacob Sutton, and another person have been found on the Niobrara river, Neb., twenty-four miles north-west of the camp on Dismal river. Allen and Sutton were, with Holbrook's party, murdered on the Dismal on the 28th of February. Nothing has been heard of Hargreaves, Larnie and Kinney, who are supposed to be the perpetrators of the crime.

AT ALLEGAN, MICH., ON THE 17th, Judge Arnold sentenced Joel E. Harding, convicted of keeping a house of ill-fame, to eight months in the Detroit work-house, and Carleton Barto, for assault with intent to commit rape, to the same place for one year. Charles F. Thatcher, for burglary, got four years in the penitentiary, and Alfred E. Christ, for stealing a horse got the same sentence as Barto.

HENRY COOPINGER, of Mason City, opposite Pomeroy, Ohio, was arrested on the 18th on a charge of bastardy preferred against him by Sophia Nast, the daughter of the book-keeper of the German Furniture Company, of Middleport. Henry was taken before Squire Smith, at the latter place, when a compromise was effected, Sophia withdrawing the charge upon being paid \$75 by the gay Lothario.

ON SUNDAY NIGHT, 16th inst., John Vance, of Kane Creek, Pottawatomie county, Iowa, went to the residence of Tom Fox and shot him in the neck, inflicting a severe if not fatal wound. Vance then went to a justice of the peace and gave himself up. The justice told him to come around the next morning. Vance has not yet reappeared before the justice. An old feud was the cause of the shooting.

AT DETROIT, MICH., ON THE 17th, Xavier Brigran, the embezzling treasurer of Gross Point, was sent to state's prison for three years. He went to the supreme court on this case, claiming that the appropriation of a few thousand of public money entrusted to his keeping constituted a simple breach of trust for which he was only civilly liable, but the highest tribunal of the commonwealth decided against him.

AT PEORIA, ILL., on the 17th, some tramps who were arrested for interfering with the running of a railway train on the Bureau Valley road, were adjudged not guilty. The Mayor met them as they were released from jail, divided them into four squads and sent them out of town. It was proved that no one asked them for fare on board the train, and that they did not stop the train; they only set up the brakes.

A LITTLE DAUGHTER of Clement Lingsbury, living near Garrettsville, Portage county, O., on the 14th inst., while returning from school was raped by Fred Udall, living near the school house. The little girl, who is eight years old, was fearfully injured by the fiend, and lies in a very critical condition. Udall, who is nineteen, fled and has not yet been apprehended. Great excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

AT DENVER, COL., ON THE 18th, William Sperrett, brakeman on the Union Pacific road, was arrested as an accomplice in Union Pacific train robberies. He left the road immediately after the robbery, and has been spotted by Denver detectives since he arrived here, as a suspicious character. A fine gold watch, valued at \$250, was found on his person; also a silver-plated revolver, both of which are stolen property.

AT COLUMBIA CITY, IND., on the 17th, an unknown man while attempting to burglarize Potter's dry goods store at three o'clock in the morning, was shot by a clerk. This morning his lifeless body was found outside of the store. There was nothing on his person to serve as an identification. He had been seen loafing around the village the day before. He had almost succeeded in getting the window open when the clerk awakened.

A LARGE AMOUNT of valuable property belonging to Colonel John Dement and others of Dixon, Ill., which was stolen about six weeks ago, was found secreted on Truman's Island, in Rock river, some four miles above that city on the 17th. Two colored men, brothers, named Thomas and Crawford McGregor, were found near the property and arrested and lodged in jail. Two others, white men, are implicated, and the sheriff is after them.

HENRY ASHTON, an Englishman, forty years of age, who has been for several months past a practicing physician in Paterson, N. J., was locked up on the 20th by order of Coroner Myers. The latter is conducting an inquest on the body of Mrs. Ashton, who died on Monday, 17th inst., and whose death Ashton is suspected of having caused. The inquest has already disclosed the fact that the body of the deceased is covered with the marks of recent beatings.

AT JOLIET, ILL., ON THE 17th, the Grand Jury finished their labors, and thirty-four indictments were returned, viz: One for incest, one for murder, two for rape, one for fornication, nine for larceny seven for burglary, three for intent to kill, eight saloon cases, one charge of venue and one for conveyance of property in an illegal manner. The prison was visited, and the cause of Convict Gus Reed's death inquired into, but no cause of action was found against the prison officials.

AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., the Grand Jury in the United States Court was discharged on the 18th, after having returned the following indictments: Michael Ferrenbock, of Belleville, failure to pay special tax; F. Neuten, of Collinsville, retail liquor dealer, same charge; Thomas J. Mitchell, of Quincy, withholding money from a United States claimant; Levi Logan, of Vandalia, passing counterfeit money. In this case a plea of not guilty was entered, and trial set for the 28th inst.

TWO YEARS AGO Clarence P. Connolly, an operator in the Western Union office at Jacksonport, Ark., obtained money on a fraudulent telegraphic order, was arrested on two indictments, put under bonds of \$2,500 each, forfeited his bonds and went to Texas. He was engaged for some time as a compositor in a printing office in Dallas. He was arrested at Dallas, Texas, by Marshal Morton, upon an affidavit of J. S. Burton, manager of the telegraph office at Dallas, and taken to Arkansas on a requisition from the Governor of that state.

IN VICTORIA, B. C., on the 1st, James Jourdan, a miner,

was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in solitary confinement for the murder of William Strouff, another miner. The two were partners, and in a quarrel over a find Jourdan blew the top of Strouff's head off with a shot-gun. Evidence was purely circumstantial. The defense was that Strouff, while struggling with Jourdan, slipped and exploded a dynamite cartridge; but this theory fell through the doctors finding an ounce of buck-shot in Jourdan's head.

AT MIDNIGHT, ON THE 18th, a drunken row occurred at Mapleville, near Providence, R. I., among the mill operatives, who had just been paid off. Nelson Armstrong, the owner of the building where the disturbance occurred, went out in his night clothes with a revolver in his hand to quell the tumult. Most of the rioters fled, raising the cry of "Ghost," but one Englishman, named Samuel Hoyle, attacked Armstrong with a stone and knocked him down. Armstrong, who is over sixty years old, managed to get up. Hoyle again attacked him, and was shot, probably fatally.

GREAT EXCITEMENT exists at Port Huron, Mich., and at Smith's Creek over a terrible occurrence that transpired on the night of the 17th. Mr. Albert Staley, a well-known resident of Smith's Creek, a village on the Grand Trunk railroad, left Port Huron to drive home, and when within half a mile from his house, he was shot dead by some unknown coward. The first that was known of it his horse came home alone, and his friends went out to see what had become of him, the search resulting in finding his dead body lying in the road. He had been shot in the back, and there were several wounds. He was about fifty-four years of age, and leaves a family in good circumstances. As yet there is no clue to the murderer.

ON THE NIGHT OF THE 16th Emily Box, of Ives Grove, Racine county, Wis., was taken to Racine under arrest. The corpse of an infant child of which she was delivered May 8, and which she had buried under some bushes in her father's yard, was also taken there, upon which a coroner's inquest was held. The girl, who is unmarried, was arraigned for preliminary examination before Judge Haas on the 17th on the charge of murder. She pleaded not guilty. The examination was adjourned to the 26th, and the girl was placed under \$5,000 bonds. The verdict of the coroner's jury as to the child was that it came to its death through an unknown cause, and that the girl who bore it and her father deserve censure.

IN THIS CITY ON THE 19, Judge Benedict opened the June term of the criminal branch of the United States Circuit Court, but will try only such cases as those where the defendants are confined in Ludlow Street Jail and cannot obtain bail. When these are concluded the court will adjourn until October. The case of Michael Tobin, the West Point soldier who shot his comrade, Alvers, was called. General Foster, who has been assigned by the Court to defend Tobin without charge, presented a petition stating that his client and friends were so poor that they could not even afford to furnish money to procure the witnesses which were needed for the defence, and asked that the Court should issue an order for the payment of the necessary fees and expenses from its treasury. An order was made to this effect and the trial set down for Wednesday, the 26th.

PHILLIP PEARSON, a penitent thief, has sent to the district attorney of this city, from his cell in the Tombs, a list of certain stolen property and of the places where it is pawned. He also has submitted a list of houses which it is proposed to watch, giving interesting details of the manner in which his confederates expect to possess them selves of certain coveted valuables. In further proof of his penitence he sends a letter to Rev. Dr. Houghton, promising to reform and make reparation for his crimes. Another conscience-stricken thief is Charles Nelson, who sends to the district attorney a kit of burglar's tools with word that he has no further use for them, as he has quit the business. The question is raised, how far may the district attorney's office be made instrumental in preventing as well as punishing crime if penitent thieves are encouraged, by a judicious exercise of clemency, to give valuable information.

THREE SMALL BOYS were charged in the Tombs Police Court on the 18th, with placing a large stone on the down town track of the New York Elevated railway, near Rector street, with intent to upset a train. The boys had discovered that the intersecting braces of the pillars which support the track formed an excellent substitute for a ladder, on which they could climb up on the track. They put a large stone on the rail to have the fun of seeing a whole train of cars jump off the track and be dashed to fragments in Greenwich street. Several stones were put in an old pair of trousers and laid across one of the rails. A Belgian paving block was also wedged between the guard rails which defended the track. By the time this work had been accomplished an engine with two cars came down the track at good speed, and the boys scrambled off to a wooden awning and disappeared through a window, not waiting to see the result of their experiment. Fortunately the train held the track, though it thumped alarmingly over the big stone. The lads are all under eleven years of age. All three denied participation. They were held in \$500 bail apiece, to answer a charge of malicious mischief.

AT ST. MARYS, ONT., an inquest is in progress on the mysterious death of Robert Guest, at which the following facts have been elicited: Guest, a well-to-do grocer of twenty-four, came running home at midnight on the 6th saying that he had been poisoned. His brother asked him what he had taken, and he said Dr. Ford had given him a dose in a glass of old rye. To his sister he said Ford had tried to poison him before. No further explanation could be obtained from him, as he was seized with convulsions and became insensible. Dr. Wilson who was called in, said Guest was evidently suffering from acrid, virulent poison. He became livid, roaring with pain, was seized with convulsions and died in four minutes after he reached home. Other witnesses saw Guest while he was running home from Ford's office. He stopped once, gasping for breath, and attempting to vomit. The next morning Ford left for London, where he was arrested. He said, "Great God! Why do you arrest me? Why do you suspect me?" The constable told him that Guest had made the charge when dying, and the accused said deceased must have been crazy. Ford, who was mayor of the town last year, is an unmarried man of forty, remarkably handsome. Of late his name has been mixed up in a woman scrape, and Guest was often heard to say that he could "knock the mayor higher than a kite." Deceased's stomach was sent to Professor Croft, of Toronto University, for analysis.

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